

5-26-1954

Daily Eastern News: May 26, 1954

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Eastern Illinois University, "Daily Eastern News: May 26, 1954" (1954). *May*. 4.
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Eastern State News

"Tell the Truth and Don't Be Afraid"

XXXIX . . . NO. 28

EASTERN ILLINOIS STATE COLLEGE, CHARLESTON, ILL.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1954

Eastern to offer four-year general program next Sept.

'Trifles'



'TRIFLES,' BY Susan Glaspell led off "Foursome," four one-act plays presented by members of play directing class last Friday. Pictured above left to right Charles Lowe, Roscoe Wallace, Pat Paris, and level and Ellie Simpson.

Faculty member to be honorary consultant

BERNON L. Anderson, professor of foreign language, is one of 800 leading language scholars who have agreed to act as consultants on the second edition of Britannica World Language dictionary, according to Robert C. Anderson, president of the company. The Britannica dictionary gives equivalents in seven languages—English, French, German, Spanish, Swedish and Yiddish. These languages are spoken about a quarter of the world's population and three-quarters of the residents of Western nations.

Notice

LIBRARY books are due on Thursday, June 3. Students who plan to attend summer school must have cards stamped in the library. All other library books must be turned in. Failure to clear records will result in withholding of grades and additional fines. Five cent fines cost 55 cents after term ends. Students are also reminded that the library will be closed Monday, June 11.

Industrial arts to sponsor fair June 19-20

INDUSTRIAL ARTS department will sponsor an Industrial Education Fair June 19 and 20. Thirty-two entries from six different schools have been submitted. Entries range from grades 7-12. Entries are entered in three classifications:

1. Seventh and eighth grade crafts: woodcraft, plastics, ceramics, artmetal, leather work, block printing and any additional projects for which there is a need.

2. Projects made in industrial classes grades 9-12 doing less than eight clock hours class work in areas such as woods, electricity, graphic arts, mechanical drawing and architectural drawing. Projects will be judged in classes based upon number of weeks of instruction the student has had in the specific area of work.

3. Projects made in vocational classes doing more than eight clock hours class work per week in specific field. Both beginning and advanced classifications will be established in areas for which there are adequate

entries to warrant awards.

All projects entered must have been made in regular organized industrial education classes within the school year 1953-54 under the supervision of regularly employed teachers. An individual may enter in more than one area of work. No entry fees will be charged.

Projects shall be judged on design, usefulness, workmanship and finish. The rating received on the demonstration will be included in the total evaluation of award. The judges shall determine the

Napoleon . . .

Doctor calls dog 'difficult patient'

NAPOLÉON RECEIVED a rabies vaccination last Wednesday. Dr. H. J. Hofacker, local veterinarian did the honors. Good ole Napoleon—and up to now we didn't know how old—was escorted to the doctor's office by Jo Ann Dickinson and Ted Sibley.

The "ageless" mascot is 10 years old, and he weighs 66 pounds. He may weigh more now, because he has three c.c. of anti-rabies vaccine in him.

Napoleon is a difficult patient, according to his attending doctor. He had to be chased into the car, and around the doctor's office. He was well muzzled before operations began.

News paid for the shot with money donated by faculty and students. A special "Nickels for Napoleon" fund has been set up by the News for care of the big red and tan dog.

Teachers College board grants permission for four-year course

NEXT SEPTEMBER Eastern will offer general college programs leading to a Bachelor of Arts degree as well as a Bachelor of Science degree, according to President Robert G. Buzzard.

Permission was granted to Eastern to offer a four-year general college program by the Teachers college board at a meeting Monday, May 17. The action followed consideration of similar practice in other states and has been under discussion since 1943 when the two-year Illinois normal school programs were dropped.

"Hill-Brownell survey of higher education in Illinois made in 1944 recommended, 'It is our conclusion that the teacher colleges can provide better service to the regions and can strengthen teacher-education by frankly becoming regional colleges.'"

President Buzzard issued the following statement:

"When the word 'teachers' was dropped from the name of the college in 1947, it was expected that this general college curriculum would be set up, but circumstances since that time have prevented such

action by the Board until the present.

"House Bill 992 of the 67th General Assembly approved July 2, 1951, removed from the powers and duties of the Teachers College board the restriction of granting only professional degrees and thus opened the way for setting up a general college curriculum.

"Dr. W. Earl Armstrong of the U. S. Office of Education in the April, 1954 issue of Higher Education sums up the current national situation by stating, 'Within the last 20 years more than one-third of the teachers colleges have become general colleges, retaining their major interest in teacher education, but also offering degrees in general education and pre-professional preparation.'"

"Survey of graduates of Illinois teacher-training institutions indicated from 25-30 per cent of those who do take diplomas and degrees actually do not go into teaching but use such completed college work as a basis for other activity.

"The project of general college at Eastern was presented to the Council of Higher Education in Illinois and received endorsement by state-supported institutions.

"Curriculum committee at Eastern will now proceed on the basis of the study which has been made during the past several years to set up this general college curriculum for functioning beginning in September, 1954.

"A required core of general college courses plus foreign language will be the organizing center for each student program. A student will be permitted wide election of subject interest and provision will be made for interchange of enrolment between general college and teach-training curricula.

"The primary function of the Eastern Illinois State college has been and should be the training of teachers for the public schools of Illinois. The fifth year of work leading to the Master of Science in Education degree is distinctly a professional degree. The giving of a general college program will in no way lead to a fifth year of straight subject matter leading to a Master of Arts or a Master of Science degree.

"In the opinion of the college administration this organization of educational opportunities at Eastern will go far to meet the needs of a group of young people in the 22 counties from which Eastern draws the majority of its students and will bring to the Eastern campus a surprising number of capable young people who at the moment do not think they want to become teachers.

"We earnestly believe that contact with the type of faculty which Eastern possesses will instill in these young people an interest in teaching as a life work and cause an appreciable number of them to transfer into the B.S. in Education curriculum rather than to complete the general college curriculum."

BACHELOR OF Science in Education degree will be awarded to 175 seniors at 10 a.m. June 4 in Lantz gymnasium. Seven students will be awarded two-year diplomas. There are four candidates for the Master's degree.

Dean Hobart Heller will present diplomas to the following graduates:

Eugene Aikman, Barbara Seibert Albright, James Alexander, Jr., Margery Alter, Robert Bain, Paul Bales, Melvin Barche, Donald Beagle, Lola Diel Bear, Verne Bear, Ruth Bennett, Jeanne Bidle, James Biggs, Joseph Block, Lois Blurton, Joanne Courtright Bonnett,

Gail Borton, Jr., Orpha Bower, John Boyer, Donald Branson, Daniel Brown, Ruth Buesking, Robert Calvin, Juanee Carlyle, Harold Carter, Virginia Carwell, Patricia Casey, Martin Chilovich, Jimmie Cody, Charles Cole, Randall Coleman,

Dorothy Dorband Cardes, Alan Court, Leona Creath, Mary Randall Curtis, Barbara Jackson Decker, Donald Decker, Billy Deeter, John Dively, Adeline Dougherty, Hannah Newgent Eads, Charles Edgington, Margaret Ellington, Barbara Eppstein,

Doris Feist, William Fellers, Raymond Fischer, James Fredenberger, Harold Fuller, Carolyn Girl, Rose Grant, Don Grayson, Jerry Griffith, Nelle May Gullett, David Hannah, Ann Hardin, James Harrington, Thomas Hashbarger, Maurice Hemphill, John Henderson, Marian Henn, Lois Dillman Hosier, Erma Thompson Hyland, David Jacobson, Joe James, Nancy Defibaugh Jamnik, Donald Jehling, Dana Johnson, John Keener, Allen Kirchberg, Henry Kirts, Barbara Kuhn, Thomas Lackey, Robert Lee, Dale Level, Jr., Dean Long, Donald Loyet, Royce Maxfield, James Maxon,

Phyllis McDermith McAfee, Gloria McHatton, Robert McKay, Donald McKee, Nelson McMullen, David McQueen, James McWilliams, Robert Miere, Charlotte Miller, Norma Zimmer Moody,

Janet Moore, Sue Morrison, Lucy Muchmore, Mildred Myers, Thomas Neely, Betty Newlin, Ann W. Newton,

Jacqueline Olsen, Francis Onorati, Virginia Garbe Ostergren, Kenneth Ozier, Frank Pixley, Zane Porter, Julia Post, Walter Pyle, Virginia Randolph, Jack Rardin, Kenneth Ratts, James Rea, Jacqueline Butler Reeley, Joyce Reynolds, Margaret Rhoads,

Walter Richards, Jr., Donald Richardson, Richard Richardson, Mary Alice Rigg, Beverly Riley, Helen Roberts, Robert Toland, Barbara Rosborough, David Sawyer, Thomas Schreck, Marilyn Carr Scott, Betty Ehrhart Seaman, Mildred Seaman, Zetta Pinkstaff Sellers, Aden Sempstrott, Roy Shake, Cecilia Shay, Thomas Shea, Keith Schedlebower, Paul Siverly, Dorothy Armes Skadden, Mervin Smart, Gladys Daily Smith, Anna Sparks,

Eugene Stanberry, James Stanley, Patricia Stanley, Kathryn Staub, James Steere, Jacquelyn Stewart, Joyce Stigers, George Stricker, Joan Sudduth, Joe Summerville, Samuel Taber, Galen Talley, Eugene Thomas, Yvonne Fehrenbacher Thormahlen,

Paul Trotta, Rita Vacketta, Dorothy Van Dyke, Iaverna Van Zant, Jack Vick, Carol Volte, Samuel Von Brock, John Waggoner, Pauline Walton, Carolyn Washington, Robert Washington, Barbara Weerts, Charles Weirich, Marjorie Weller,

Duane Welton, Lola Willet, Bonita Wills, Carolyn Wilson, Dolores Wilson, Joan Wilson, Doris Windle, Lois Dent Winkler, Alice Wisner, Charles Wittman, George Woodyard, Charles Younger.

The following persons are receiving two-year diplomas: Ronald Ealy, Robert Henkel, Herbert McDowell, Max Sheaffer, Patricia Suhling, Judith Tuttle, Richard Wilkinson.

Four persons will be awarded a Master's degree. They are Elizabeth DePew, George Mellott, Donald Montgomery, and Robert Sterling.

CLASSES WILL not meet Monday, May 31.

Editorials . . .

Past 'News' headlines . . .

reveal important happenings

A QUICK run-down of 1953-54 **News** headlines shows that many important things have happened this past year.

Little David North, who will leave the campus Sunday, brought nationwide publicity to Eastern. The story of the home-management baby was made known to millions through the country's leading magazines and newspapers, and at least one newspaper published overseas. David and Eastern were publicized on television and radio.

President Buzzard was honored by more than 500 faculty and alumni at a convocation in October. The occasion was Dr. Buzzard's twentieth anniversary as president of Eastern.

Action was taken to close Eastern State high school within the next year. After 1955, students will do practice teaching off campus.

Elementary students moved into a new building, and the old grade school was rejuvenated for high school classes.

Eastern's first Greek Week was carried out successfully. Over 400 students affiliated with Greek social organizations participated in the week-long festivities. In this, perhaps Easternites saw the launching of a tradition.

Eastern's faculty was highly rated by the North Central Association. The Association said "The exceptionally large percentage of the faculty of Eastern . . . who hold an earned doctor's degree constitutes a major strength of this college . . . It is an active faculty concerned with the general educational policies of the college, participating energetically in the entire college program."

Dr. Howard DeF. Widger, who was a member of Eastern's faculty for 41 years, died December 13, 1953. Memorial fund has been started in his honor.

The year has been climaxed by president Buzzard's announcement that Eastern will offer general college programs leading to a Bachelor of Arts degree as well as a Bachelor of Science degree. This program will be effective next September.

President Buzzard . . .

answers program questions

WITH PRESIDENT Buzzard's announcement that the Teachers College board granted permission to Eastern to offer a four-year general college program, students, especially next year's seniors, began asking how this change would affect them.

President Buzzard said in reply to this question that the program was not far enough along yet to say exactly what it will mean to the class of '55.

"Probably a foreign language will be required in order for seniors to transfer next fall. We cannot guarantee that everyone who wants to transfer to the general program will get to. It is possible that next fall's seniors could get an A.B. if they use summer school of '55 to complete their studies," the President further explained.

Rather than expecting a large number of students to change to this program Dr. Buzzard said in his statement, "We earnestly believe that contact with the type of faculty Eastern possesses will instill in these young people an interest in teaching as a life work and cause an appreciable number of them to transfer into the B.S. in Education curriculum rather than to complete the general college curriculum."

Student union . . .

will be 'hot' issue

WE'VE HAD a resume of this year's happenings and looking into our crystal ball we will try to give you a preview of next year's happenings.

The biggest issue of the year will be the student union building. This proposed building which will house a ballroom and other needed facilities will necessitate raising the student activity fee. The building project will be voted on by students, supported by students and carried out by students.

Eastern State News

VOL. XXXIX . . . No. 28 WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1954

"Land of Lincoln"

Published weekly on Wednesday during the school year, excepting Wednesdays during school vacations or examinations and the week of July 4 or Wednesdays following examination week or Friday vacations, by the students of Eastern Illinois State College.

Entered as second class matter November 8, 1915, at the Post Office at Charleston, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Member Associated Collegiate Press

PRINTED BY PRATHER THE PRINTER, CHARLESTON, ILLINOIS

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Apropos . . .

Pigeon climaxes

Aud's year as

'News' editor

by Audree McMillan

ONE QUARTER I saw bats at a dance and to end this quarter I saw a pigeon trip into Prathers. Before anyone gets shook and calls for some white coats I'd better explain. You may remember I mentioned seeing bats at a registration dance.

Very few people saw these bats circling over the dance floor so I didn't mention it very much after that. However, Mariann Dana Younger in discussing my duties as social chairman for next year mentioned this incident.

Therefore, I feel comparatively safe in mentioning this little pigeon incident. After a gay week preparing the Literary Supplement, I skipped back downtown to Prathers Friday afternoon to begin putting together my last issue of the Eastern State News.

No sooner had I begun hitting the typewriter keys than this pigeon hopped down the steps, paused on the threshold, cocked his head and flew into the shop. Three little girls followed him.

Harold Prather started after him but gave up when the pigeon hid under the farthest corner of a table. One of the little girls crawled after him, caught him, and left with her prize.

Why am I telling all this? Well, this has been quite a year (and that's the understatement of the year) and it seemed somehow apropos to have a pigeon pay me a visit while I worked on my last issue as editor.

Also it gave me something to tell you all while I tried to think how to bid adieu to editing this Eastern State News. Right now all I feel is relief. I'll have this week to catch up on a quarter's work. Next fall it will seem odd not to be down at Prather's every Friday afternoon, all day Saturday and Monday.

Being editor has been quite an experience (another understatement). Getting to know the working of the minds of both faculty and students has really been interesting to say the least. Keeping mum on some information given confidentially has been a challenge. That must be one of the harder aspects for a woman editor.

So many people have expressed surprise at Eastern's having a female editor that I developed an apologetic attitude immediately. I'd cite the many awards won by the News in year's past to prove it really was a very fine paper.

Clare will probably feel that way next year, also. She wanted me to mention that she wondered who would be editor this summer. Dr. Palmer seems to think that Clare will be and confidentially I imagine she will be, too.

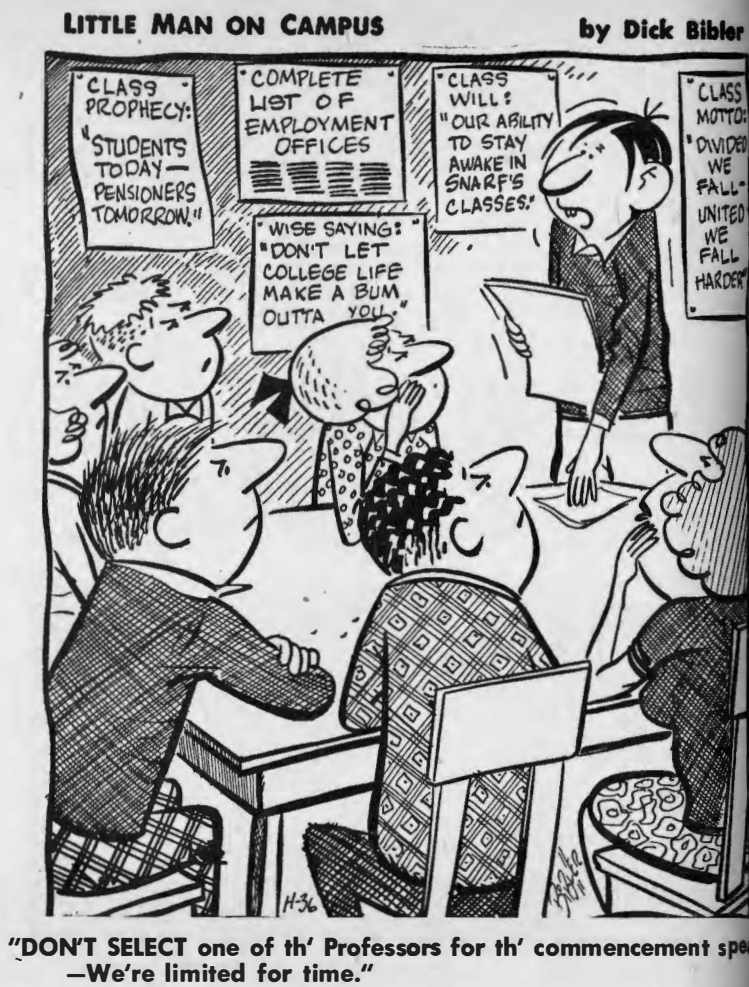
Next year should provide quite a few changes. Arranging for dance bands and that big, big name band for a concert should be different, not to mention practice teaching.

Have you ever seen a year go so fast? Or one that was so packed with meetings, dances, departmental programs, etc?

I'm rambling I know, but speaking of programs reminded me of Dr. H. E. Phipps who was entertainment board head for the past few years. He was one of the most cooperative of the faculty members with supplying us with pictures and publicity. The same could be said of Dr. Coleman. Dr. Alter always let us know of anything he thought newsworthy.

Now that I think about it I could name so many more who went out of their way to help the News. Dr. Michael was so appreciative of our big French story. Dr. Rothschild likes to scoff at the "yellow rag" but I noticed he always seems to hunt around for a copy every Wednesday.

Three other faculty members who did a good turn for us and



Time, progress take toll; Eastern landmark 'thing of the past'

by Don Woods

TIME AND progress are claiming another Eastern landmark. The chimney and concrete flooring, all that remained of the old central heating plant, are being removed next to the greenhouse and the hole will be filled in and landscaped.

Workmen, assisted by grounds keepers and other Eastern employees, have nearly completed the work of filling the hole that once housed the plant's large boilers.

The trench that has been dug under the sidewalk by the greenhouse now contains pipes that carry steam from the present central heating plant to warm the greenhouse. The incoming steam will be automatically regulated by a thermostat.

Boilers in the old heating plant were used to heat the greenhouse until last winter when they blew up.

They had supplied hot water not steam as is now used, for heating all of the campus buildings until 1924 when the present central heating plant was built.

All coal that was used in the old heating plant was shoveled into the boilers by hand, and required moving the coal two or three times before it was thrown into the firebox.

Most of the ashes and cinders were pulled from the firebox by an auger that made it somewhat easier for the attendant to handle the waste materials.

WPA tore down the old building that housed the boilers in 1924, leaving only the chimney and floor, both now things of the past at Eastern.

Ban sunbathing after 47 years

ACP—When coeds living in Waldo hall, Oregon State college, were told they could no longer take sunbaths on the roof, they staged a riot that lasted all night and required the police to quell.

According to the campus newspaper, "The administration didn't rush into this ruling, obviously. Gals have been sun-bathing up there for about 47 years . . . and the dorm bosses have finally figured out that it's a real live menace. Sort of the original detailed analysis, you might say."

for Sigma Tau Delta, honorary English fraternity, were Miss Kelly, Dr. Anderson and Dr. Guinagh who judged the literary contest.

There are a few people who say they read this column, Miss Flossie Fair, Dean Lawson's secretary, is among them.

So that's just about it. All of you will be scattering all over the continent for summer vacation; some will be in summer school. Give my best to the returned teachers who were so much fun last summer.

Farewell seniors, we'll see you Homecoming. For the rest of us who shall return, let's get together at fall registration dance.

Pem hall notes

by Shirley Stamper

A BIRTHDAY dinner was held Wednesday evening, May 6, in honor of all those who had birthdays in March, April, May, and June. Guests at the dinner were Dr. and Mrs. Moses, Dr. George Rommel, Dr. and Mrs. Earl V. Boyd, Dr. and Mrs. Roy Max, Elizabeth Michael, and Miss Krutza. Betty Williamson, president, served as mistress of ceremonies.

Entertainment consisted of solos by Rosina Alexander, accompanied by Janis Baker. Introduction of new officers for next year was held. They are: President, Nancy Newberry; Vice-president, Helen Lee; Secretary, Shirley Williams; Treasurer, Joyce Van Dyke; Social Chairman, Marie House; Chairman, Nancy Woods; Reporter, Shirley Stamper; and Publicity Chairman, Phyllis Wills.

Pem hall held its annual Parents' Day Sunday.

Student Association senate approves student-faculty boards

SENATE OF Student Association approved appointments to student-faculty boards in a meeting held recently. Group Co-ordinator Marilyn Roe released the following list of appointments.

Apportionment board
Andree McMillan, Dan Long, Francis Vogel, Eloise Isley.

Assembly Board
Wolfe, Ron Ealy, Jeannie, Del Bremiker.

Entertainment Board
Janita Hopkins, Ed Drake, George Shaffer, Townsend Bar-

Arts and Dramatics Board
Joyce Hunter, Harlan Newbold, Shirley Stamper, Joe O'Dell.

Music Activities Board
Donna Richison, Jerry Wyeth, Mullinax, Bob (Scotty)

Publications Board
Emmerich, Tom Juravich, Rager.

Men's Athletic Board
Sagman, Arnold Franke, Wallace.

Women's Athletics Board
Wynn, Judy Borchert, Marie Orlea, Jo Bostic.

Health and Hospitalization
Plock, Joe Knollenberg, Vaughn, Donna Lindsay.

Notice

THIS IS the last issue of the *News* for this quarter. Students attending summer school who are interested in working on the *News* should see Dr. Francis W. Palmer, paper adviser, in the annex.

THE SALAD BOWL

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Student accepts Yale science fellowship

MARGARET ELLINGTON, '54 graduate from La Grange park, has accepted a Yale natural history preserve fellowship in the department of plant science at Yale university, New Haven, Conn.

Miss Ellington, who will graduate with high honors, is a botany major.

NOTICE

"WARBLER," COLLEGE year-book will be distributed Friday, May 28 under the portraits in Old Main, according to editors Cecilia Shay and Virginia Ostergren.

Students may obtain the year-book by showing recreation tickets.

Phi Sigma Mu elects officers

ELAINE MYERS, junior from Stonington, was elected president of Phi Sigma Mu, honorary music fraternity, at a recent election. She will succeed Sue Morrison from Peotone, past president. Vice-president is Harlan Newbold and Norma Olmstead is recording secretary.

Marian Tracy, was elected corresponding secretary and Juanita Jennings is alumni secretary. Shirley Moore from Mattoon is treasurer and Wanda Knowles is historian.

Dr. Earl Boyd will succeed Miss Catherine Smith as Phi Sigma Mu sponsor.

Ten new members were also initiated into the fraternity last week. New initiates are: Jane Beals, Ted Black, Pat Cannon, Juanita Jennings, Wanda Knowles, Tim Miller, Shirley Moore, Dixie Mullinax, Norma Olmstead, and Marian Tracy.

PATRONIZE *News* Advertisers.

Senior schedule

Thursday
8:30 a.m. Rehearsal for Baccalaureate procession. Meet in Old Aud.

Sunday, May 30
2:30 p.m. Seniors, junior aides and marshals, faculty assemble in Old Aud to form procession.
3 p.m. Baccalaureate exercises, Lantz gym.

Thursday, June 3
1 p.m. Rehearsal for commencement procession. Seniors and junior aides and marshals meet in

Old Aud. Attendance will be taken.
9-11 p.m. Dance in men's gym of Lantz gymnasium for seniors and guests. Junior aides and marshals and their guests invited.

Friday, June 4
8:30-9:30 a.m. Reception for parents and friends of seniors on lawn between cafeteria and Lantz gym.

9:30 a.m. Seniors, faculty and Junior marshals and aides assemble in Old Aud.

10 a.m. Commencement exercises, Lantz gym.



VACATE FOR VACATION... BY TRAIN

DON'T LOSE A VACATION MINUTE in snail-paced traffic on jammed summer highways. Get home sooner and surer by train!

CELEBRATE SCHOOL'S END with the crowd all together on board. Enjoy a head start on home cooking with swell dining car meals.

TAKE EVERYTHING YOU NEED! Loads of luggage-room in your coach. And, you can also check a trunkful of extras.

RAIL BARGAINS FOR SUMMER SCHOOL OR FALL SEMESTER! If you're returning for summer school, save

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EASTERN RAILROADS

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Rock Hudson

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ROCK HUDSON says, "After acting in high-school plays, I got a job in Hollywood delivering mail so I could talk to stars and agents. The plan worked — one agent arranged a screen test. I worked five months without a day off — and it paid off with a good starting contract!"



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*Published in Printers' Ink, 1954

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Track team finishes fourth in IIAC meet; netmen capture third

Michigan Normal wins meet; Five new stadium records set

EASTERN'S TRACK team scored 27 2-3 points to take fourth place in the IIAC track and field meet at Carbondale during the weekend. Michigan Normal won the meet with 56 1-6 points followed by Central Michigan with 46 1-2; Southern, 37 11-12; Eastern; Northern, 27; Illinois Normal, 22 11-12; and Western, 11.

Eastern did not win an event, but picked up enough second and third place finishes to offset this deficiency.

Top individual performances for the Panthers were turned in by Ray Fisher who took second in the shot put, Roger West with a second in the discus, Chuck Matheny with a third in the mile, Winston Brown with a third in the 220 and a fourth in the 100-yard dash, and Jim Mitchell with a third in the two-mile run.

Jim Podoley, Central Michigan's great star, took top individual meet honors with four firsts and two seconds. He accounted for 28 of his team's 46 1-2 points.

Podoley won the 100-yard dash, 220-yard dash, 220-yard low hurdles, and broad jump. He set a new meet record in the broad jump with a leap of 23' 7 1-2".

Four McAndrew stadium records fell during the meet. Clark of Illinois Normal tossed the shot put 47' to erase the old stadium mark of 46' 9" which was set by LaRose of Eastern in 1948.

Root of Michigan Normal broke the record in the 120-yard high hurdles by .1 of a second with a dash of :15.2 and Tschirhant, also of Michigan Normal, set a new mark in the 880 with a time of 1:56.2 shattering the old mark of 1:58.

Michigan Normal's mile relay team broke the six year old stadium record with a time of 3:22.8. This time was just .2 of a second off of the existing conference record which, incidentally, was set by Michigan Normal.

The Hurons won four events and finished in the runner-up position in four others to sweep to another conference crown. The boys from Ypsi had too much speed and depth for the other squads entered in the meet.

Golfers finish last in conference golf meet

WESTERN'S GOLF team won the conference championship by outscoring Central Michigan 605 to 614. It was the third straight IIAC golf crown for Western.

Eastern finished seventh in the meet.

Crovetti of Western tied a meet record in the second round of play with a sparkling 66. He was medalist of the meet with a three under par for the 36 holes.

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Diamondmen men two at Northern

COACH CLIFTON White's baseball team swept both ends of a double-header from Northern Friday winning 10-9 and 13-4. The wins left Eastern with a 6-4 league mark and a 15-5 record for the season.

The Panthers will close the season Friday afternoon at Lincoln field when they will play host to Western in a conference double-header.

In the first game at DeKalb, the Panthers had to fight back after Northern had scored five runs in the first inning to chase Eastern starter Maurice Hemphill. Ken Ludwig came on in the first inning and pitched the rest of the way for the win.

Second baseman Tom McDevitt and first sacker Nelson McMullen each had three hits in the slugfest. The Panthers collected 11 hits in all.

Northern had 11 hits and committed three bobbles.

Jack Kenny went all the way on the mound in the nightcap scattering seven hits to gain the win. The Panthers pounded out ten hits in the game and erred twice.

Kermit Radloff had three singles and a double to lead the Panther attack.

Jesse Orvedahl caught the first game and Rudy Gonzales was behind the plate in the nightcap.

PATRONIZE News Advertisers.

Netmen



COACH REX Darling's tennis team which took third at the IIAC meet Friday and Saturday.

The netmen finished the season with eight wins, four losses, and one tie.

Panthers lose to Indiana State

SCORING THREE runs in the sixth inning and with the help of four Panther bobbles, Indiana State crushed Eastern last Wednesday 7-4.

The win avenged an earlier setback at the hands of the Panthers. Previously Eastern trounced the Sycamores 11-4.

On this day, however, Indiana State took advantage of a sixth inning swoon by the Panthers and turned a tie game into a decisive win.

A base on balls, a hit batter and (Continued on page 5)

Illinois Normal wins IIAC crown

DICK McDONALD led Coach

Darling's tennis team to a third place finish in the conference on Friday and Saturday at Carbondale. Illinois Normal won the meet with Michigan Normal second.

McDonald defeated Holcomb of Illinois Normal in the final number two singles to emerge as the conference champion. He won his way to the finals with wins over Merriam of Southern and Green of Western.

Tom Schreck defeated Pisoni of Southern in the number one singles for Eastern but lost to Purdy of Illinois Normal in the semi-final round of play.

Phil Stuckey lost to Bunc of Michigan Normal in first round play and Dirks lost to Gross of Illinois Normal.

Every man and double team that defeated Eastern went on to win the crown.

The netmen finished the season with an 8-4-1 record, one of the best in the history of the school.

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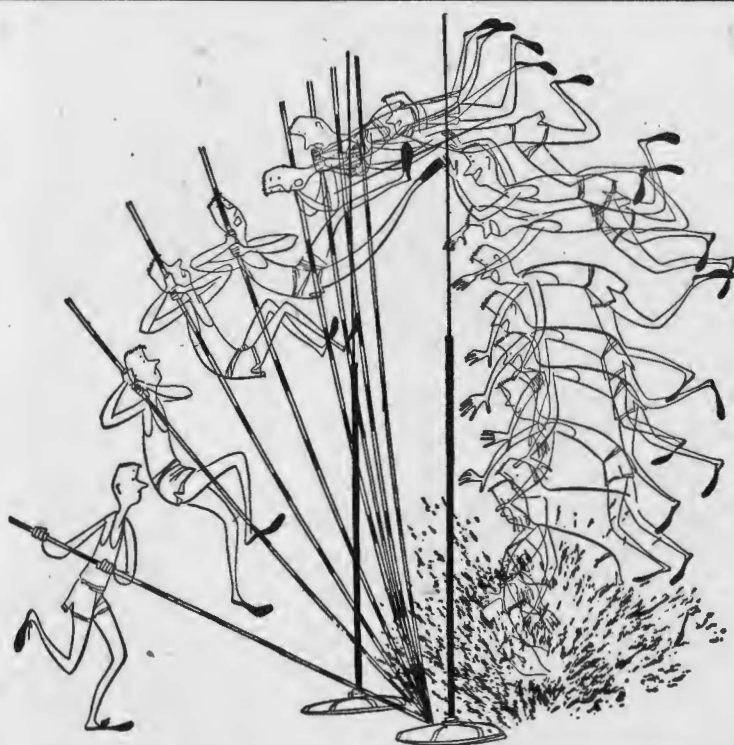
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Its spotlight . . .

Maxon, Halsey keep Eastern's athletes in top physical shape

by Bob Borich

USED MUSCLES, cuts, laceration and cramps are the ailments that set trainers Paul Maxon and Paul Halsey into action.

The medical minded duo have been keeping Eastern's athletes in top shape all year. Rubdowns and tapings are the usual duties of the experienced masseurs.

Senior Paul Maxon has been top trainer for past two years besides being Eastern's regular pound wrestler.

Football season keeps us extremely busy," explained Maxon, "the gridders usually use up to 880 yards of tape per week."

Tape provides the major training expense with good tape costing about three dollars a roll. Rubbing alcohol also helps the training room budget.

Assistant trainer Halsey, who has been learning the ropes from Maxon, will take over the top job next year. The sophomore assistant has been working this year under the guidance of Maxon.

Practical first aid duties. Both trainers work under the guidance of the coaches and Dr. Montmayor. "The baseball and basketball teams require more rubdowns than other sports," revealed Maxon, "because of the overuse of certain muscles."

However we must be able to handle the more serious injuries. Rubdowns would aggravate." Montmayor must be called in for serious injuries," said Maxon.

Before the practice sessions the trainers take care of taping. During practice they are on the scene to take immediate care of injuries. After practice they administer bandages, hot packs, foot service and antiseptics as needed.

Trainers are required to have a background in anatomy or physiology. Maxon is a physical education major and Halsey is a zoology major.

Trainers are on call all day long.

Baseball . . .

(Continued from page 4)

a two base error were the events leading up to the catastrophe. A subsequent pair of singles punched across the three runs with starter Bob Nippe being chased from the mound by the Sycamore's dirty work. Kenny Ludwig finally retired the side.

A similar three run outburst in the first gave Indiana State a quick three run lead. Eastern pushed across two markers in the second to narrow the margin.

A final touch was added in the ninth by the Sycamores when two singles separated by two outs gave the winners an extra run.

Bob Nippe was the losing pitcher and Cundiff was the winner.

Hold annual IIAC spring meeting

SPRING MEETING of the Interstate Intercollegiate Athletic conference at Carbondale Friday ruled on conference membership for three schools, eligibility, professional contracts, and returning servicemen.

No action was taken on the membership for Loras college, Dubuque, Iowa; St. Ambrose college, Davenport, Iowa; or Lewis college, Lockport, Illinois, because these schools did not make formal petitions for membership.

In action taken during the meeting the 1955 spring meeting was awarded to Western along with the meets in the spring sports. The wrestling meet will also be held there in November.

The conference sportsmanship trophy was awarded to Eastern which received 14.59 of a possible 15 points.

The IIAC also voted to play as many basketball games as possible on Friday and Saturday nights in the coming season with the schedule of Thursday and Saturday nights second choice.

Clifton Hortin of Illinois Normal was reelected conference commissioner.

Speaking of sports . . .

Track, tennis and golf teams make creditable confo showing

by Lyndon Wharton

EASTERN CAN well be proud of its teams that competed in the Intercollegiate Athletic conference meet at Carbondale Friday and Saturday. Although the Panthers did not bring back any team championships, they did make a very creditable showing.

Inexperience seemed to be the biggest fault with the Panthers in all three meets. This was especially true with the golfers who couldn't seem to do anything right and finished last in the meet.

Coach O'Brien's track team was the biggest surprise for Eastern. The tracksters finished right behind the three powers of the meet, Michigan Normal, Central Michigan, and Southern.

Most observers had expected the Cindermen to finish near the bottom in the final standings.

Eastern's tennis team received poor pairings in the tennis meet, but were still able to salvage a third place finish. Every man that defeated an Eastern netman went on to win the division he was entered in.

* * *

Rain fell nearly all morning Saturday and for a while it looked as though the tennis meet might have

to be postponed. Southern has no indoor courts and the matches would have had to have been played the next day.

However, the rain stopped and they were able to play all matches Saturday.

While on the subject of tennis, facilities for the sport at Southern were surprisingly poor. They have only three courts which are anyway near playable and they were constructed just a few months ago.

I checked and found out that they have a grand total of five courts for over 3500 students.

SPRING SPORTS at Eastern will end Friday afternoon when the baseball team will play host to Western at Lincoln field.



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Exhibit features senior work from grades through college

by Bob Borich

WITH ACCENT on the aesthetic the Senior Art show opened last Sunday in the Sargent gallery. Work on display is by senior art majors and minors.

The senior show is one of the most beautifully arranged exhibits that has been in the gallery. Bamboo screens which have been hung from the ceiling, lend the gallery a modern air and also provide extra space for display purposes.

Students, whose work is on display, are Billy J. Deeter, Jacqueline Olson, Ruth Bennett, Hannah Eads, Phyllis Hardy, Edward Brennan, Marjorie Weller, Ann Payan, Betty Newlin, Joanne Bonnett and Wilda Hoskins.

The exhibit has been planned as a problem in display. The gallery gives a unified effect with subdued tones of black, white and tan and a wall scheme of green and brown which serves as an effective background for the colorful work of the seniors.

Arrangement of furniture and paintings, which is art itself, enhances the entire exhibit. The students have set up these furniture groupings as they would appear in a home. Furniture was loaned by Schouter, Witmer, and Miller companies of Charleston.

A feature of this year's display is work done by these seniors while they were children in elementary grades through high school. This exhibit includes sketches, bronze castings and paintings. These are displayed in the hall of the gallery.

The main exhibit includes work done by the seniors through their four years of college.

A variety of techniques and media are represented in the show. Oil, water, color and tempera painting, pencil and ink drawings, and crafts are being shown.

Also included in the show are black prints, enamel, jewelry, sculpture, silk screen, air brush, puppets, home planning containers, posters and weaving.

An alcove of the gallery has been planned as a patio where furniture has been made by the students.

The gallery will be open until June 4.

ACP—At Iowa State college lighting struck the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity house during initiation ceremonies. No one was hurt, but several new initiates undoubtedly were properly impressed.

English club elects Carolyn Miller president

ENGLISH CLUB and Sigma Tau Delta concluded the year's activities with a picnic at Fox Ridge last Wednesday. Members of both organizations and faculty were present.

Election of officers was held following the meal. Carolyn Miller was elected president, Joe Wolfe was chosen vice president, and Wilma Briggs is secretary.

Lou Willett, president of Sigma Tau Delta, suggested that the presidencies of the two organizations be combined. This suggestion was defeated. Sigma Tau Delta will elect officers at a later meeting.

Miss Miller succeeds Clare Emmerich as president, and Wilma Briggs replaces Adeline Dougherty as secretary.

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Carpenter receives business award

DOLORES CARPENTER received the Certificate of Award from Journal of Business Education for accomplishment in her work in the field of business education at Eastern.

In addition to the Certificate of Award, she will receive a complimentary subscription for one year to Journal of Business Education. This journal is a nationally recognized professional periodical for teachers of business subjects in the high schools and colleges of the country.

Award has been made annually to the business student who stands highest in scholastic accomplishment, interest in teaching as a career, and attitude generally. Miss Carpenter, who attended high school at Shelbyville and will graduate from Eastern this summer, has already accepted a teaching position with the Taylorville high school for the coming school year.

Just recently she received the Pi Omega Pi award which goes annually to the graduating senior voted outstanding by the members of that honorary business education fraternity.

She has held offices in both Pi Omega Pi and Business club. She is currently editing "Bits from Business," a mimeographed publication which appears semi-annually for students and faculty of

Most noble hound



NAPOLEON RECEIVES rabies shot from Dr. H. J. Hofacker. Students and faculty gave money to "Nickels for Napoleon" fund for the shot. Money left over will be donated to hospital fund. Sibley and Jo Ann Dickinson took the dog to the doctor.

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'Bye, 'Bye David



DAVID SAYS goodbye to Eastern, Dr. Ruth Schmalhausen and his twelve mothers. He leaves the campus Sunday.

David to leave Eastern Sunday

EASTERN'S ESTEEMED "graduate", David North, will bid adieu to Eastern and the home management house Sunday, May 30.

His departure will bring to an end, at least until next year, the controversy that spread little David's name across the nation via newspaper and national magazine publicity.

The wind that swept Eastern and David into the center of national publicity arose from state department of public welfare which said that the child's personality would be warped without a "father influence" during his first year. No legislation was rendered in the case.

The child, who will be 11 months old next Sunday, the day of his departure, has been in residence at the home management house since October 19.

David North, named after the north management house has been under the care of 12 foster mothers, who are home economics majors and Dr. Ruth Schmalhausen, director of the home man-

Shorthand classes second prize winners

THIRTY-FIVE members of two shorthand classes at Eastern will receive a trophy symbolizing their group accomplishment as second prize winners in the collegiate division of the 1953-1954 National Gregg Shorthand contest.

Dr. James M. Thompson, head of the business education department is instructor of the group.

In addition to the trophy which is being sent to the business department, each of the student participants will

be presented with a new Esterbrook fountain pen, especially equipped with the Gregg shorthand point and with the name of the student imprinted on the pen.

Names of all winners are to be published in a full page announcement in the June issue of Today's Secretary, a nationally recognized professional periodical for secretaries, students and teachers.

Dr. Thompson's classes of 1952-1953 were also winners of the award.

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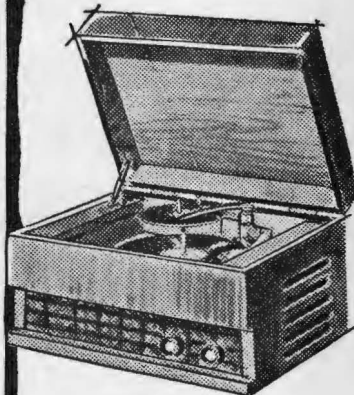


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THURSDAY IS "BUCKNITE" — TARZAN'S PERIL"

Socials . . .

Pinning

MISS JO Anne Johnson recently became pinned to Mr. Gary Fowler. Miss Johnson, freshman speech major from Springfield, is a member of Sigma Sigma Sigma sorority. Fowler, senior geography major from Cowden, is a member of Sigma Pi fraternity.

Marriage

MISS MARIANN Dana and Mr. Charles Younger were married last Sunday in Mt. Pulaski.

Mrs. Younger, senior speech major from Mt. Pulaski, is a member of Delta Zeta sorority. Mr. Younger, senior physics major from Louisville, is a member of Sigma Pi fraternity.

Both are listed in "Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities."

Summer quarter begins June 14

REGISTRATION DATE for summer school has been set for June 14. All pre-registered students will register between the hours of 8-9:30 a.m. Students not pre-registered will register after 9:30. Classes begin June 15.

Editors receive Medal of Merit

AUDREE McMILLAN, *News* editor and Cecilia Shay and Virginia Ostegren, *Warbler* editors received Medal of Merit from Pi Delta Epsilon, national journalism fraternity at a meeting held before Founders Day banquet last week.

Medal of Merit is awarded to students who do outstanding work in the field of journalism.

Audree McMillan was re-elected president of Eastern's chapter of the fraternity, which is the oldest journalism fraternity in the country.

Bruce Pyatt was elected vice-president; Dr. Francis W. Palmer was re-elected permanent secretary; Doradene Diefenthaler was elected historian.

Excuse only June 4 grads from finals

ONLY THOSE seniors graduating in the June 4 ceremony are exempt from final examinations, according to Dean Hobart Heller.

This exemption is an administrative necessity. Grades must be turned in before exams in order to bring records of June graduates up to date.

Seniors who will graduate at the end of summer school or next fall are not excused from finals.

Announce literary contest winners

FOUR FIRST prize winners and 11 honorable mentions were chosen by the judges from 34 entries in the literary contest sponsored annually by *News* and Sigma Tau Delta, national honorary English fraternity.

Donn Kelsey placed first in short story division; Carroll Dukes in essay; Audree McMillan, book review; and Harryetta Peterka, poetry.

Honorable mentions were awarded to Joan Findley and Lou Willett, short story; Wilma Briggs, Beverly Hershberger and Audree McMillan, essay; Donn Kelsey, book review and Wilma Briggs, Beverly Hershberger and Joe Campbell, poetry.

Winnie Davis Neely award fund, which now totals \$473.50, draws interest of 13 dollars each year. To make up the 25 dollar award, an anonymous donor contributed 12 dollars. Since Winnie Davis Neely award will not be given this year, this money will be turned back into the fund.

Judges for this year's contest were Miss Chenault Kelly, Dr. Kevin Guinagh and Dr. Vernon Anderson.

Winning entries and honorable mention are printed in Literary Supplement to the *News*.

Campus fellowship attends conference

SEVEN STUDENTS from Eastern attended the spring conference of Campus Fellowship at Lake Springfield recently.

The students, accompanied by sponsor Louise E. Murray, heard an address by Dr. Robert F. DeHaen who received his Ph.D. in Psychology at the University of Chicago. Students from nine Illinois colleges and universities were present at the conference.

Those attending the conference from Eastern were: Wilma Briggs, Dorothy Hirschelman, Janet Moore, Don Moore, Don Hopkins, Betty Dixon, Helen Hopper, and Dorothy Schmidt.

Campus Fellowship held a picnic

Math club elects officers

DAVID BROWN was elected president of Math club for next year. Election was held after a picnic at Morton park recently. Officers are Donald Brough, president and Dorothy Brough, secretary.

Entertainment was provided by Jesse Orvedahl and his band.

Orvedahl is retiring president. Dr. L. A. Ringenberg is advisor.

at Fox Ridge last night as the meeting of the year.

David Offner, from the faculty of the University of Illinois was the speaker for the evening.

Twelve members from Eastern were guests of the U. of I. Campus Fellowship meeting, May 21,

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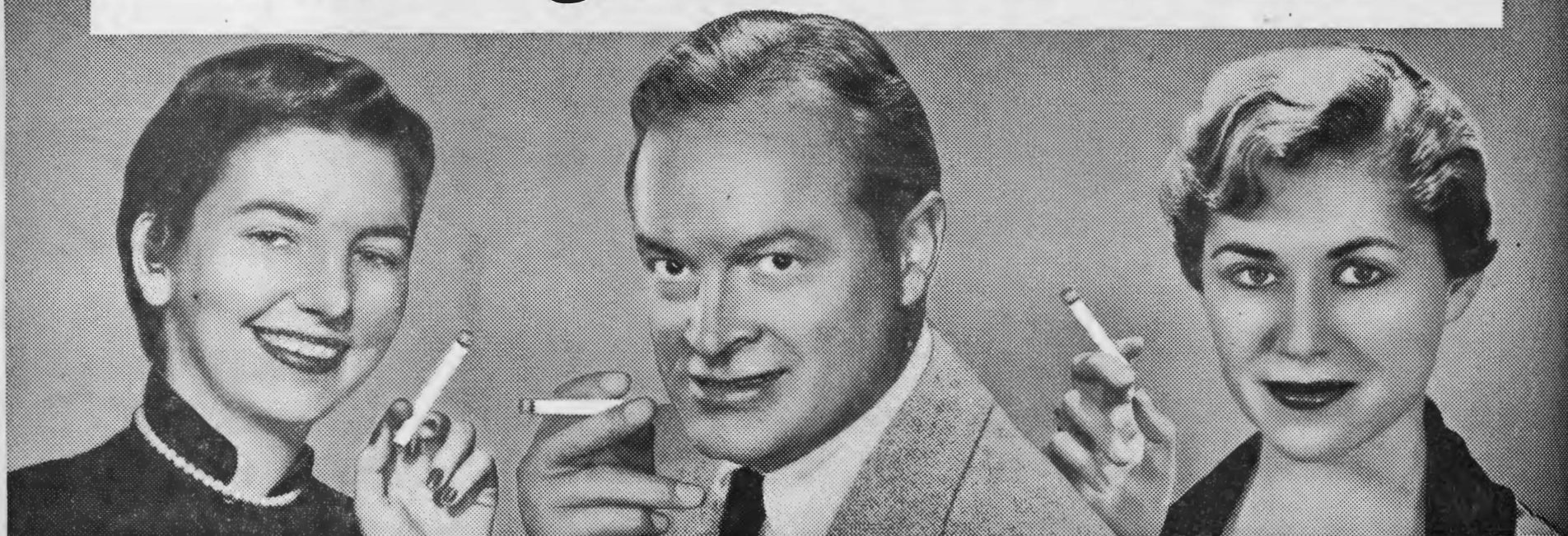
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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Eastern State News

VOL. XXXIX . . . NO. 28

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1954

Dedication

Literary supplement is dedicated to the memory of Dr. Howard DeForest Widger, former head of the English department. Dr. Widger, who was a member of Eastern's faculty for 41 years, died December 23, 1953.

In this supplement is printed a speech made in honor of Dr. Widger by Dr. Eugene Waffle at an AAUP dinner for retiring members of the college staff last spring. Dr. Waffle succeeds Dr. Widger as head of the English department.



Dr. Howard DeForest Widger

SCORE and seven years ago when I came to Eastern a green youngster, some people made me feel like an outlander on trial. Not Dr. Widger. In those days a teacher's office was his portfolio and getting acquainted with the other members of the staff was difficult. But Dr. Widger saw to it that we got acquainted.

I knew from the start he was my friend. When there was a difficult line of poetry to interpret or a buzzing sentence to analyze, my friend was there to help me. All through the years it has been the same; I could count on him on his scholarship, on his business as a teacher, on his wisdom to help me in time of need. And so the entire institution profited during Dr. Widger's forty-one years of service.

Dr. Widger has contributed services to public relations that cannot be measured, so great are they. He has given hundreds of commencement and tribute speeches over the entire state of Illinois. To hundreds of school people the name Widger means stern and means quality.

One of my periods of closest association with Dr. Widger was in the year 1928-1929, when he was principal of the Eastern State high school. He has a delicate feeling for that fine line between liberty and discipline that every top administrator has. He has a brilliant record as a teacher and as head of the English department. The high state of morale and unity in the department is the

result of his kindness, loyalty, understanding and leadership. Every member of our department is a devoted and loyal friend of Dr. Widger.

Years ago I heard a number of Dr. Widger's commencement speeches. They were not the usual string of platitudes in commonplace language one hears so frequently on graduation day. They contained the seemingly antithetical qualities of the practical and literary. They were phrased in sentences rhythmical, fresh, clean, and lucid.

Few of us who heard it can forget Dr. Widger's speech on Honors Day, 1948. He dislikes aristocrats, but there is one type he likes—the intellectual aristocrat. Don't misunderstand. He doesn't like mental snobs. He likes people who love learning for its own sake. Many who heard that speech found a new meaning in culture and a new enthusiasm for their special fields.

When public reading had fallen into neglect, Dr. Widger gave it new

life, not only on our own campus but on the campuses of many another institution in the state. The first real interest of many of us in the **Barrack Room Ballads** came with Dr. Widger's superb reading of "Gunga Din," "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," the first class fightin' man, "Danny Deever," and "Boots." Who can forget the Tinker of Tom, who caught the devil and put him in his budget?

Having the native Irish wit and humor, Dr. Widger caught the humor of Shamus McManus with all its naturalness. He caught too the vitality and march of Kipling's lines because he wasn't afraid to emphasize their rhythm in a day when it was becoming fashionable to read poetry as one would prose.

In spite of the fact he is a busy man, Dr. Widger has always accepted more than his share of committee work. He was for several years a member of the personnel and salary committee, doing valuable pioneer work.

He was one of the first and most distinguished presidents of our chapter of the American Association of University Professors. He put the programme of that organization on a high level. No bickering, no gripes, no self-seeking. At once the purpose of the chapter became the improvement (Continued on page 13)

Short Story

The Doomed Stand Yielded

by Donn Kelsey

(First Prize)

HE ONCE remarked that we were the doomed generation. Maybe we are. Then, I wondered—

He is alone in the low dank cave. With the long fingers of night and the misshapen form of fear crouching on its haunches further back within the raven recesses of what is now his world. Alone, and each little sound that comes from without is a noise magnified. And fear, its eyes pinpoints of red, moves closer. Closer. Closer.

Oh, God, God! He locks his teeth on the soft flesh of his hand, wanting to feel pain, to scream, to leap wildly about, anything to break the shroud-like silence that has settled over his shoulders. Time no longer passes; it stands immobile, as though waiting for something.

How long had it been since he had been separated from the company and they had pulled off without him? How long since he had heard the enemy patrol and crawled into the comparative safety of the cave, glad for a place to hide.

Safety? A place to hide? He tries to laugh, but it is a thick, twisted gurgle that echoes in the hollow silence. Outside, the sharpened talons of quick death. Here, the blunt fingers of fear that caress his spine and tear away the covering. Who can see me here? I'm alone. I can see myself, and that's worse!

Outside, in the hot maze that is the jungle, a branch crashes from somewhere high up to the ground. The sound hangs suspended for a long breathless moment; then it creeps forward like a whisper to echo away into nothingness.

He tastes blood and tiny prickles of pain pass up his arm; he bites down harder and soon this is gone. And now it is quiet again, a world dying with a sun that limps tiredly into the west to crumple onto a couch of blackened clouds.

Between his legs, beneath his hand, the alien hardness of the gun. Even now, his only protection, it is foreign to his touch, but it is cool and he presses it against his flushed face. He closes his eyes and finds only more blackness and shame washes over him, smothering for a time the gnawing hunger of fright. Was this how the others would take it?

Would they cringe here in the hot,

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wet blackness, wanting to move, scared too? **Why can't I be like the others?** Again the weakness known from childhood passes over him. **Why can't I be like the others?** Again he is the kid.

"Come on, chicken, put 'em up."

He pushed off their arms and turned away. "I'm not going to fight you."

"You ain't gettin' off that easy.

You're a coward to fight, you're yellow." The older boy's fist shot out and into his side, knocking him off balance into the dirt of the road. He lay there for a long time, until the hurt in his body had gone.

"I'm not going to fight you, Gene.

Just let me alone, so I can get home." He started to rise, but the other's foot caught him in the chin, sent him reeling again, his mouth filling with dust. A tiny line of red pushed through his clenched teeth. The other boy stood over him, his foot raised again, but he was thrown off balance when the smaller boy rolled hard against his other leg.

He ran faster than he ever had, tears filling his eyes, knowing that running wouldn't help. If he got away from them today, it would be the same tomorrow. And tomorrow it would be worse. Running, always running.

The wind outside in that other world has risen, whipping and snapping the tops of trees that moan and sigh in invitation. And

with the wind comes the rain softly at first; then the angry heavens cry loudly and rain beats upon the ground. With the coming of the rain, the light in clearing is gone and blackness comes again. Blackness and the memories—

"I made it again, mom. This straight year on the honor team. They puts me in line for the scholarship."

"That's wonderful, son. You and I are real proud of you. Aren't we, Sam?"

His father looked out from behind the paper, his mouth set in a thin line. "Sure, son. How about the squad next year, did you make it?"

"No, dad, I didn't try out this year. I have to keep up my grades next year to keep the scholarship. I figured there wouldn't be any spare time for the squad. Probably wouldn't have made it anyway. Football's not my game."

"Just what is?" His father's voice was hurt and tinged with sarcasm. "But don't you worry about the squad, son. Just keep up those grades. It's real nice to tell the fellows that your son made straight A's this term when they tell me how Hal won the game by sinking that last basket or how Tony capped the game with that final end run. It makes me real proud to say my son's a brain."

"Sam!" His mother shot him his father an angry glance. "That isn't fair. Jay's grades are important to him. Besides, you know he hurt his knee—"

"Oh, for God's sake, Marian, how long can he hide behind that?" He stood near the door, head down. "That's been years ago. But that's okay, son. I'm real proud of you."

Jay tried not to say the word. It was impossible to stop them. They had not been said for too long. "I'm sorry, dad. I thought you'd be proud of my grades. I worked hard to get them, they mean a lot to me. I've never been good in sports, you know that for a long time. Or you would have known if you had ever had time for me when I was a kid. But oh, no, there was always you."

work and the fellows. You helped make me what I am. Don't blame Mother and me for all of it. Good night, Mom."

And in his room, Jay threw himself on the bed. "I'm sorry, dad, I'm sorry." And far back in his mind, where he had always pushed it—"I wonder what a real dad is like—"

It is still raining, but now it is a soft purring sound that reaches into the cave. And like smoke lingering near the ground before a storm, the memories hover over him—The short bulletin tacked to the board read:

Men—Susan Bryllton
Don Jose—Jay Ceraven
Samillo—Pat Stone . . .

Miss Winden, sponsor of the Year-book, made the short announcement before the special meeting of the staff. "The editor this year will be Jay Ceraven; business manager, Jerry Baxted . . .

The coach of the football squad tapped him on the back and laughed as tobacco breath into his face. "You'll make a good manager, Jay. So bad about the team though. Always a bridesmaid, never a bride." Then he laughed some more . . .

He liked working there in the drug store. He met people and slowly emerged from his self-inflicted scholastic cocoon . . .

"Gosh, you were lucky, Jay, getting to take Karen to the prom. There were dozens in line behind you . . ."

Principal Jacobs made the commencement speech, like all commencement speeches. And he finished. "And to Jay Ceraven, class president this year, goes the scholarship earned by his excellent grades and high the poll representing the staff and student body. Congratulations, Jay . . .

The man in charge of enlistments looked very neat in his crisp, starched uniform. "You played it smart, kid. Right, I mean. We'd have got you sooner or later . . .

And under all—I'll show him, I'll show him—

He stares straight out the mouth of the cave, seeing nothing, seeing too much inside. And yet, each sound that comes from out there stiffens his body and brings his attention back to the heat and darkness and fear.

Suddenly he pulls off his heavy shoes and the thick socks. And the floor is cool and damp to his feet, the beach where they had lived

the past few years. He stretches his legs out before him, the muscles straining out of cramp. And the beach again, and Karen—

They lay tightly together, bodies still wet, while above them the moon arched itself proudly and skimmed along the edge of the low-banked clouds. It was the night, the last one.

"Karen, you aren't sorry, about us and all?"

"No, Jay. I guess it had to happen."

"I wouldn't hurt you. You know that."

"It's okay. It happens like this when someone's going away."

"But why am I going away? Why, Karen?" And it began then, the fears and doubts. "I'm scared, Karen, I guess maybe I'm chicken. I don't know. I'm going into the army, they'll stick a gun in my hands and say, Kill, soldier, or get it yourself."

"Why me, though? Why can't I finish college and go out somewhere and teach like I've always wanted? I can't kill anyone, it isn't in me. I'm not built that way. I don't know, I don't know."

"Worrying can't help, Jay, but I'll be waiting here. Maybe that will, a little."

"And that, this thing we've done, it isn't right, not yet. I've made you a —"

"Don't say it, don't even think it. Sure, maybe it's true. But they can't take this."

"I'm not what you think, Karen, not underneath. You're thinking you'll be proud of me, aren't you, later, I mean. Yeah, we put on lots of front, big men now, but where you can't see it it's all different."

"We don't want to kill, but we don't, can't let it show for a minute. We wouldn't be able to call ourselves men if it showed through. Somebody might see it. And the colossal male ego can't stand that. I guess I love you, Karen . . ."

"You do, Jay, and nothing else is important now."

" . . . and if I come back . . ."

"Not if, Jay, when! It has to be when!"

He smiled a sad little smile. "Sure, kid, sure. When I come back we'll be married."

And they watched as the moon fell into the sea.

Karen, Karen, Karen—

The rain has stopped now and the silence comes again, broken only by his muffled sobs and the soft plop-plopping of rain from trees that kneel like shrouded

mourners. And he remembered her last letter and its broken promises. Karen! Had it really meant so little?

A little noise. And suddenly the blood ceases flowing through his crouched body and his heart smashes hard into the back of his throat, choking him. In the picture-frame mouth of the cave, appears the head and shoulders of a man, inching his way slowly forward, **TOWARD HIM!**

And now the walls are roaring gratingly inward, beads of perspiration line themselves along the ridge of his forehead, and fear springs upon him, pinning his arms to his sides, freezing his muscles. **TOWARD HIM!** Karen, the coach, Don Jose, Dad, Karen, Karen, dad, dad—

And then, as suddenly as it had come, fear begins to recede, as the more consuming demands of self-preservation make themselves felt, driving away the bewilderment and hesitation.

As he watches almost hypnotically, the figure creeps back into the bowels of the cave where he lies in wait, hand gripping tightly the handle of the icy bayonet, a small urgent voice beginning far back in him, a voice that rises and multiplies, splits and reunites, louder and louder—kill, kill, Kill, KILL, KILL, KILL!

It is over now and he lies for what seems like an eternity, his body pressed down onto the man who lies beneath, his knife buried in the invader's stomach, twisting it, pushing it ever deeper, wanting to appease the siren-like voices that make their insistent demands on him. Then come the tears, hot and wet, bathing his face and hands. There is a wetness spreading over his chest and his hand comes away sticky with the other's blood.

Time passes and he doesn't remember how long he has lain there, pressed close to the man's body, feeling it slowly harden and grow cold to his touch. He reaches for the other's face; it is smooth and young, its mouth open in fatal surprise.

This could have been me, he tries to yell, me, me. He was like me, young and scared, looking for a place to hide, from me, like I was hiding from him. But I got him first. Kill or be killed, laws of the animals. That's what we are now, animals that live to kill those that would kill us.

Thoughts of his pre-war dream come in over him, his dreams of teaching, but they had taken that and given in its stead a rifle, told him to

kill, to kill again and again until soon it became habit, something done without thinking or caring. God, God, why twist our lives this way? Why do you take our manhood? What kind of God are you? What plans for us? What end but death?

And then the words of Father Corcoran. We walk by faith, my sons, and thus see God. He works in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform. We must believe and then we shall walk with Him.

He raises himself off the body beneath him and sits motionless until the breath again comes in even regularity. What was right? He looks out into the darkened night and the golden patch of the clearing.

The jungle moans and whispers in the heavy stillness. It is full of noises, all undistinguishable, yet each alone a pure clear sound, blended subtly into one compelling maze of denunciations and reprisals.

We are like a jungle, he thinks, full of those same noises and voices, heeding one, flying to another, trying to choose the right one. Yet the jungle is dark, the voices are hidden deep in oblivion and silent eyes watch our every move. How can we choose the right one for us? We are only mortal . . .

And for a while he will sleep.

When he opens his eyes again, the first timid fingers of the dawn are clasp the dark bank of clouds that tumble over the clearing. His hand is frozen to the gun and his arm is numb.

He gently pries it loose, re-

joicing in the stinging needles that fill his palm and fingers, the knowledge that life is still there. And with the first hesitant steps of gold into the cave, he sees them coming, and fear is gone.

The small group of dirty men creeps slowly through the brush, looking like frightened animals as they move toward him. He is unseen as yet, and he watches absorbedly as they inch themselves forward, bodies bent in mid-section, eyes darting around them, mouths opened wide. **They are scared too!**

And then the feeling of being alive is stronger. The need to kill, to take a life, to shed blood is upon him. He crawls to the mouth of the cave and emerges standing before them, the soldier out of the militant Mother Womb. The gun leaps and jerks in his hands as the men in the clearing spin in their silly dance before collapsing in loose heaps.

He hears someone laughing, a crazy, ugly laugh, from far off, and realizes it is his own. Like a dam bursting, the feeling of power surges over him, washing his soul clean of fears and doubt. He throws his head backward and yells savagely, "Look at me, Dad. Now I'm like they are. Is this what you wanted? Is this what you wanted?"

And then once more, for the last time, he can see himself as he is, and the gun drops at his feet. Again the kid with a dream, and the tears begin to fall as he walks toward the men whose lives he has taken. **This am I, this robot who can take one of his**

own kind and stand laughing. **Is this what they want, this callousness?**

Gone is the boy to whom blood was frightening, death appalling, future everything. The future? **What is it? There is no future now, only more killing and a decaying of that which was good. Disgust fills his mouth and throat, a thick dry dust of self-loathing.**

They would send him home afterwards to piece together the shattered ends of his life, the broken dream, the torn threads. What sort of life can he build on foundations so weak. What can he teach? Killing? That is now his field. And he has learned well. "Happy, Dad? Are you happy now?"

He walks on, head down, staring at the drying splotches of red on the hard brown earth. Red rain and he is bathed in it. He doesn't see the dying man behind him rise on one arm, face twisted in pain. Nor does he feel the bullet that crashes into the back of his head before he pitches forward. That's how we found him later.

Afterward he was awarded a medal of valor and as we had been paid I asked to be the one to deliver it to his folks. They both thanked me, showed me a good time. His ma cried a lot; I guess they always do. His seemed real proud; he kept polishing the medal on his coat sleeve and saying, "Wait'll the fellows see this." He was real proud! I guess you showed him, Jay. He was real proud.

He once remarked that we were the doomed generation. Yeah, maybe.

The White Man

by Joan Findley

(Honorable Mention)

IT'S A very hard thing to explain, having seven sisters and still being very lonely.

Seven playmates and nothing to do but swing on a crazy iron gate all afternoon. Tune put her feet in between the iron bars—why couldn't they be wider? They always hurt her feet when she wanted to swing on the gate.

But those rails made the most beautiful clattering noise when Tune dragged a stick by them. The black iron fence with its speared tops left tiny chips of black paint on her hands, but no matter how hot the weather, the fence was always cool, and nice to swing on in the summertime.

Tune was seven, but her neat brown wavy hair, her clear dark eyes, and intelligent face gave her the appearance of being a little older. Her real name was Alta Mae, but her father had nicknamed her Tune when she was still a baby. She could not remember why.

Tune looked around her. The day was warm, but not hot, and she watched as a light breeze brushed against the Lily-of-the-Valley near the house. Little tiny white bells, that's what they were. What a pity God did not make them ring. The fairies could probably hear them ring—that was what she had told little Dit one time.

Dit was Tune's baby sister, four and tiny. Tune chuckled just to think of her. She could almost see the shock of white hair, the blue eyes, the million tiny freckles, and the perpetually forefinger in the mouth. Dit had a nice name too—Ruth Diane; but Dit fitted her better than anything. She always followed Tune around like a little puppy, and it was a hard thing to lose her.

Little Dit asked everybody a million questions; every sentence she uttered ended in a question mark. She couldn't even talk plainly yet. She always said "sore" for four when you asked her how old she was, and words like boil and oil always came out "bo-

and "orl."

"What a pest to have around," brooded Tune. "Oh well, since there's nothing to do this afternoon, maybe I can drag her down to the cemetery with me." She started around the side of the house, calling, "Di-yut, Di-yut!"

Little Dit came toddling around the corner toward her. There was the finger in the mouth as always, and she looked up at Tune, straining her eyes through the white thatch of bangs.

"Hey Dit, you wanna go see Mr. Dixon this afternoon?" Tune didn't wait for an answer—Dit always wanted to go everywhere with everybody. "I'll have Mom make us some orange juice to take to Mr. Dixon, and then we'll play hide-and-seek. Won't that be fun?"

Dit smiled. She loved to play hide-and-seek, only Tune always found her because she never hid very well. Sometimes she'd be right in plain sight.

Mr. Dixon was such a nice old man. He was caretaker of the cemetery, and he had always let Tune and her sisters play there because he was so lonely. St. Mary's Cemetery was less than half a block down the black under road behind the house, and there were a million hiding places there.

Tune's mother put some orange juice in a glass jar and cautioned—Now if Mr. Dixon is busy, don't bother him, and remember to run right home if any cars come."

Mom always told them about the cars. Tune never quite understood about them, only that she had to run home as fast as she could when they came in a long stream down the road.

The cinder road was bordered on both sides by golden-rod and black-eyed susans waving in the sun. Bees were at work, filling the air with that busy hum of summer days. Now and then the buzz of a passing fly or the croaking of a frog in the near-by creek would break the monotony of

the mid-afternoon quiet.

The cemetery was surrounded by a big black iron fence with the ornamented gates pulled open. Tune and Dit spied Mr. Dixon resting on a rock as they sauntered down the white crushed-rock driveway.

"Hi, Mr. Dixon! We brought you some orange juice," Tune shouted.

Mr. Dixon smiled as he removed his battered hat and mopped his brow with a red handkerchief. He was awfully old, about a hundred. He didn't have any teeth, and always talked about buying a set of store teeth, only he never did.

"If it isn't my little sweethearts—I swear you kids are growing like weeds." He gathered Tune and Dit in his arms. When Tune handed him the jar of orange juice, he tousled her hair lovingly.

Tune pondered. Older people always mussed up your hair and told you you were growing like weeds. Aunt Lucy did the very same thing every time she came to visit. "You care if Dit and I play hide-n-go-seek today Mr. Dixon?"

Mr. Dixon chuckled. "Go right ahead and play—I'm sure you won't bother anybody here, sweetheart."

"Come on Dit, let's go play in our old place." Tune grabbed Dit's hand. Their favorite playground was in a remote corner of the graveyard shaded by maples and elms. The sun glistened on the white gravestones as they made their way along the path. A spectator would have found it hard to believe that it was over these stones so many tears had been shed in the past.

On the way there they passed it—"the big white man," as Dit called Him. She always made some remark or asked Tune a question about it. The white marble crucifix was big, much bigger than Dad even, maybe twenty feet high.

"Dere he is," Dit pointed. "Why is he hanging on 'em fings, Tune?"

"Do I have to explain every-

thing to you? Some bad men nailed him there; that's a cross. They made it from a tree." Tune could see Dit forming another question, so she hurried on.

Finally they reached the shaded corner. "I'll hide and you wait, Dit." Little Dit could not count yet, and Tune always told her to wait until she was safely hidden. Then Tune would call for Dit to come and find her.

"What's 'at bug, Tune?" Dit lisped, pointing to a black spider with an egg sac on its back.

"That's a lovebug. Lookout, or he'll bitecha, Dit." Tune thought of the lovebug her older sisters sung about; the bug that was always biting someone if they didn't watch out. Dit jumped back, and the spider disappeared under a tombstone.

"Let's play, Dit." Obediently, Dit hid her tiny white head in her hands. "Don't you dare peek!" Tune ran to hide. Gazing over the green lawn and gleaming white stones, something caught her eye. It was a cloud of dust rising far down the road. Fear seized her. She screamed. "Dit, Dit! The cars are coming! We've got to get out of here!"

Little Dit stood near a tombstone, her finger in her mouth and a puzzled look on her face. Tune grabbed her arm and pulled her toward the driveway. "Hurry, hurry! We can go out the side gate." Half pulled, half dragged through the graveyard, it was all Dit could do to stay on her tiny feet.

"Tune."

"What!"

"Dere's 'at big white man again."

"I know it—He'll always be here, Dit. Hurry, hurry."

Breathlessly they reached the side gate and slammed it behind them just as the long line of cars turned into the white crushed-rock driveway. The little funeral flags fluttered in the breeze.

"Made it." Tune smiled down at Dit, who immediately raised the forefinger to her lips, and through a thousand tiny freckles, blue eyes and white bangs, smiled back.

HONORABLE MENTIONS are not ranked, but are listed alphabetically according to the author's last name.

The Clock

by Lou Willett

(Honorable Mention)

"HENRY, WHAT on earth was wrong with you last night? You moaned and groaned all night long. Put some more toast in. I could hardly sleep at all. You better stop drinking coffee before you go to bed."

"Now, Florence, I want you to promise me that you won't worry, but I've been rather bothered about something lately."

"You aren't about to lose your job after twenty years? You haven't been gazing in windows and being late or doing things to irritate Mr. Morgan, now have you Henry? I always knew this was what would happen. After I became middle-aged, you'd do something foolish and we'd have to start worrying where our next meal came from."

"You always were a dreamer, Henry Parker. Just like the time you wanted to take all of our savings and buy that pineapple grove in Hawaii or that truck farm in California. If I hadn't been practical we'd be living off the state right now. Here we are forty-five and you . . ."

"Now don't get all worked up over nothing. I'm not losing my job. I'll walk in and sit down at my desk at three minutes till nine this morning just the same as I have been doing every morning for twenty years."

"I'll get off the train at eight-forty; it takes seven minutes to walk from the station, and I have about eight minutes to watch the pigeons in the little park next to the office. I've always wished I could stay until nine-fifteen. The park attendant feeds them then."

"Oh, deliver me! Watch the toast; it's burning again. Well what is it then? You didn't forget to pay the insurance? You know it's due on the third, and you have twenty minutes after you get off before the insurance office closes. That's plenty of time."

"I paid the insurance, dear. It's a dream I keep having over and over. I'm eighteen again, and I'm about to grasp a patch of land where I can grow a plant that has steaks, apples, tomatoes, potatoes, and lettuce leaves all growing on the same bush."

"You mean a piece of land where you can putter, and your family starve."

"Then something which I can't see takes it away and leaves me a pile of dust. Then I see Sally when she was a baby, and I start to pick her up, but some person whisks her away before I can play with her."

"You better hurry with your breakfast or you'll be late for work, lose your job and then you'll be seeing Sally a lot, because we won't be able to afford to send her to college anymore, even a cheap one like State. Hurry up Henry, it's almost seven-thirty."

"And then even when I'm awake I feel as if this mysterious companion is always with me. He seems to go ahead of me and mow down everything I'm trying to reach. And I'm telling you Florence—I hate him; I hate him so badly I could actually kill him. If I could only get my hands around his bony neck, I'd squeeze it till it was stiff and tight. Then I'd throw him down and stomp. . . ."

"Henry, have you been nipping at my cooking rum? You know how expensive it is, and you like that rum-cake better than anything. It looks to me as if . . . Oh deliver me! It's seven-thirty three. You'll have to run to catch your train. Maybe I better drive you. Are you sober enough to go to work?"

"Florence, I'm not drunk. I haven't even touched your cooking rum. Good-bye dear."

"Be sure to catch the four-ten tonight. That will just give us enough time for dinner if we hurry before we go pick up Sally. She wants to get back here in time to go to the second show with Bob. You did remember Sally was coming home for spring vacation tonight didn't you? If we take the short cut from the down-town station, we'll get her back before Bob comes to pick her up."

"I feel as if that infernal someone just snatched away my last piece of toast and half cup of coffee."

"Your vacation starts Saturday, dear. Then you can have as many pieces of toast as you want for breakfast."

As he walks down the sidewalk she adds, "Hurry, Henry, it's seven-thirty-five." She closes the door, reties the belt on her crumpled robe,

pushes a tin curler off her ear and slowly walks back into the kitchen.

At the table she stops, picks up the piece of toast Henry didn't have time to eat, throws it in the garbage and empties the half cup of coffee into the sink cluttered with last night's dishes which she didn't have time to wash before they went to their card club.

"I'm rather worried about Henry," she thinks. "He needs this vacation. Now he gets home at four-forty on Friday evening. Sally and I have the car packed. We could start driving that night."

"If we didn't stop to look at every little rock and tree as Henry always wants to do, we could be at the lake by late Sunday evening. Someone snatched away his toast and coffee, delivered me! That would give him a week to fish and put this nonsense out of his mind. I think I'll call for reservations right after I finish the dishes."

* * *

"Florence, I think this is a grand idea. Maybe this is just what I need. Just to relax. I think one whole day I'll just lie on the beach, watch the kids building sand castles, the surf playing hop-scotch on the waves and listen to the water slapping against the rocks."

"You know, I've always wished I could be like those rocks up there. The water pounds them all day long, year after year, but they never change. They don't seem to grow any older or become tired. Each year they're standing just as tall and straight as the year before."

"The brightest blades grow dim with rust, Daddy."

"I suppose you're right, Sally, but once there was a time when I would have agreed with you. I used to think youth was a state of mind. I thought you grew old by deserting your ideals. I felt that you were as young as your faith and hope and as old as your fear, despair and doubt."

"I wrote a theme on this while I was in high school. I wrote it sitting out in the orchard with my feet propped up on a low limb of an apple tree. That was before I had this feeling that this phantom is always with me."

"Are we only at Bartonville? Deliver me! We will never make the lake."

in time for dinner. It's three-thirty. While you were building your air-castles, you must have slowed down to twenty miles per hour.

"I know you had planned on it, but Henry, we just won't have time to stop to see that fruit grove. Who cares about a cross between a plum and a peach anyway? I'll just take the ferry at the river either. It is so much quicker to go over the new bridge. I just don't think you're progressive, dear. Can't we at least drive sixty?"

"If I use two pillows, I can see the lake from the window. Those glassy cool translucent waves each with their nightcaps on seem to be chased by the same thing which I am.

"They dash toward the silvery sand, but they never get to stay. They too are always pulled away, and each time they come in they leave a portion of themselves on the beach which they never can regain. Spilt water can never be gathered again."

* * *

"Daddy went to bed awful early, didn't he? Mother, have you noticed a change in him lately? He's tense and nervous. That isn't like him at all."

"I know, Sally. That's why I made reservations up here. He'll have a change and go back to the office a new man. Now I thought tomorrow we could take that boat ride up to Clover Canyon. You can swim, and your father and I'll fish. Where's that folder? I think the boat leaves at seven-thirty. Yes, here it is. I better

set the alarm for six-thirty so we'll have time for a quick breakfast. You better go to bed now too, Sally; it was a long trip. Goodnight dear."

* * *

"Mother! Mother! Come quickly, Daddy has gone mad. He really has, oh hurry!"

Mrs. Parker and her daughter stood in the door clutching each other. They were too stunned to speak. Mr. Parker held the buzzing alarm clock in his hand. He slammed it against the bed post, threw it to the floor, and ground his heel in its face.

The incessant ringing stopped abruptly. He picked it up, threw it blindly through the plate glass window, shouting as he threw, "I'll fix you; you'll never bother me again! I shall destroy you as you've attempted to do me!"

Essay Retirement by Carroll W. Dukes (First Prize)

Did I coin a word? Perhaps I did. However, if in so doing I can successfully remove the "tire" from retirement then I feel that my brashness is justified.

More and more every day the problem of when to retire and what to do after retiring is shaping into a dilemma for the American people. Nearly everyone feels certain social pressures which confine him for varied periods of time.

On most of us falls the obligation of supporting a family. Coupled with this is generally the feeling of a need for continuing advancement in one's field. This is not solely a financial motivation but rather the common desire of man to be thought well of by his peers.

This feeling will necessarily express itself in many different forms because of the differing human abilities as well as desires. In other words the level which might prove quite satisfying to one person would measure next to failure for someone else. This is generally understood and the resulting public pressure does not demand any standard level for each individual but rather expects proportionate improvement relative to the person.

At this point I am making is that we usually think of retiring not so much when we are financially able but rather when we have first proven ourselves in our field, secondly graduated our family to independence and, thirdly fattened our nest egg sufficiently to succumb to idleness.

For example, to elaborate on my first point, the business man strives

to perfect his business practices to the point of optimum production. And while pursuing this end he invariably achieves a degree of uniqueness, in approach if nothing else, which trademarks his style within the business world.

It is this uniqueness, which is catalogued to be later drawn upon by our competitors and successors, that I feel is so necessary in satisfying man's basic needs or, to be more specific, in the gratification of his assumed social obligation. My second and third points, I feel, are self explanatory.

All of this is quite well, up to a point. However, too many of us get trapped in this whirlpool of human endeavor. As a result we are faced with the inability to cope with idleness after a period of active, if not exacting, years. So many of us feel, and probably rightly so, that idleness and resulting boredom will only speed up departure to the next world.

Consequently after years of careful planning, preparing for a life of ease,

About the author

CARROLL DUKES is a junior social science major from Potomac. He plans tentatively on entering law school at Harvard when he leaves Eastern. Dukes is one of the organizers of Eastern's veterans club, and was elected its first president. He is an active member of the social science forum.

we find ourselves restless and pitch right back into the same job or another making similar demands on our time.

Perhaps the best illustration of this point is shown by the farmer who was born and reared on a farm, chose farming for his occupation and having successfully farmed for close to forty years decided to rent his land and continue life in ease.

This arrangement worked fine for a three-week period of vacationing in the West but then time grew heavy on his shoulders. So to compensate for this loss of hard work, so familiar over the years, he resorted to building a house and dipping back into farming during busy seasons by helping the neighbors out.

Finally, totally displeased with the supposedly gratifying life of retirement, he released the renter and went back to the life he knew so well and

the one which, due to insufficient knowledge or social pressure barring complete exercise of a satisfying retirement, offered the only real satisfaction to him.

This farmer was my father. I need not resort to personal cases even though I feel this case was somewhat typical of many farmers. Let me instead ask the reader to consider retired school teachers. There are many cases in this field of continuing life after retiring from teaching, in business, farming and, even resorting to menial factory tasks.

Let me close these supporting case references with a mention of military retirement. Certainly very few service men step into civilian life after twenty or thirty years in the service and start living the life of a Pasha. On the contrary they almost invariably take up some line of civilian work.

This inability to remain retired is the heart of the problem I'm attacking. The solution I propose is to re-educate the American people away from this standard mode of retirement to another plan.

This plan has a dual nature, aimed at knocking the tiring aspect out of retirement, and I like to think of it as the "joint social and personal satisfaction retirement plan." By this system I would hope to install a goal that will satisfy man's restless nature beyond and aside from his original field of work.

To elucidate let me ask a question. Barring social pressure (excluding criticism from your neighbors) what would you really like to do? Perhaps you would like to dabble around in paint to your heart's content, or perhaps you'd like to take an excursion through South America, Europe, Far East, etc. Or perhaps you have always wanted to fish all those nice days and hunt each different season and golf to your heart's content.

I could go on almost indefinitely listing the many things some of us always had lingering desires to do. However, we felt that we just had to fulfill that certain social obligation and, having done that, we lost sight of that other desire or perhaps we gave it up as a childish whim. At any rate we ended

up in that familiar rut of boredom and headed back to that routine of off to work each day.

Say, however, the public became conscious of my plan and began to wonder not when Mr. Jones next door was going to retire but when Mr. Jones next door was going to give up his work and embark on that long calculated "do as you like spree."

Then more and more each person would think of the day when he could sit back and do as he pleased, with a definite something which he planned to do in mind, rather than banking that heretofore rather nebulous thing called retirement and, having reached it, becoming either blasé or a returning slave to his work.

In summary I will say that we should all pursue two different and satisfying goals when we consider retiring. Namely, the goal of achieving social approval in our field of work and the follow-up personal satisfaction goal of living out the remainder of our life after retirement in the exercise of individual caprice.

Why I Like to Live on a Farm

by Wilma Briggs

(Honorable Mention)

I WOULD be the last to argue whether it is better to live in the city or on a farm because I think a person could be perfectly happy in either place. But I will say this: when I get to be an old maid English teacher and have lots of money, my cats, parakeets, and I are going to move to the country.

Of all the reasons why I like living on a farm, I have selected these as the most important. First of all I like the people of a farm community, and secondly, I like living close to nature.

I like the people of a rural community. Just let me give you a cross-section view of the people of my village. For an example, there is Mrs. Staley, the wife of the oilfield "boss." She has sandy-red hair mingled with white and always wears it braided and wound around her head. Hexagon-shaped silver rimmed glasses are the quaint frames for her lovely kind brown eyes.

There is an atmosphere of quietness and kindness about her that inspires the confidence of the whole community. She is an active member of the local church and of "The Club" which meets once a month. It is she who remembers the aged and the sick, and it is she who listens to the problems of the youth without betraying confidence. She is an example for the community.

Then, there is Charlie McKay, a

thirty-eight year old farmer who lost his young wife when their first child was born. With his mother, he lives on a small eighty acre farm owned by his brother. He is as tall as a bean pole and as lank as a rail. His hair is never combed nor do his clothes seem to fit his body.

A prominent nose and a long thin face make him strongly resemble Abraham Lincoln, but he is quite different. Whenever people drive past his farm, they can not but notice the drooping fences, the untidy barn lot, and the weeds in the corn field. He has come to be known as a slothful farmer who would much rather go fishing than farm.

Harry Husinga is quite another type. He is a middle-aged successful farmer who is as thrifty and hard working as his ancient ancestors. With rare good fortune, he plunged into debt to obtain suitable capital with which

he bought land, tractors, combine trucks, and started farming on a large scale.

World War II with its increasing demand for farm products was correctly timed and enabled him to put thousands of dollars in the bank.

He is of a sturdy build and has light hair and blue eyes. He is at work before sunrise and never quits until long after sunset. There is one peculiar habit which he possesses at which the neighbors laugh. The faster he works, the louder he whistles, although it is never quite a tune.

Being friends with a community is like having a personal friend. You can see their faults, but you like them despite those faults. I doubt if my home village is very different from a million villages in the mid-west.

The people of my community have faults. For one thing, very few possess the natural curiosity of mind that enables them to be educated although they have never been inside a college. Another fault is the majority of people simply do not understand the sensitive talented person who happens to be in the neighborhood and

they do not hesitate to condemn him severely if he is different from themselves.

Despite these faults, many in this small community, which is my home, are kind, sensitive to beauty, and intelligent. I can even see a certain nobility of character in their simple, straightforward ways and their devotion to what they believe.

I like the activities of this small farm community. When one thinks of a big cold city like New York, he is then glad that he is a part of a small village where he may be known and liked by his neighbors for miles around. The activities in my community revolve around the church, the one-room school house, and the general store.

The church is a picturesque white building with a tall pointed steeple, nestled at the edge of a woods. Every Sunday morning and evening and on Wednesday evenings one can hear the bell in the belfry as it declares the time to begin services for the preaching and mid-week Bible study.

These people impress me with their sincerity and simplicity in worshipping God. They read the Bible and try to pattern their lives after it. They are almost Puritanical in this with even a trace of the Puritan intolerance for the nonconformist.

The school is a typical one-room school which the thirty children of the community attend. Every month there is a meeting of the Parents and Teachers Association which the whole community attends. The meetings are of a social nature rather than educational. Plays are produced by the children and young people, and refreshments are always served.

The general store is the town meeting house for the citizens. Here on rainy days and long uneventful winter evenings the farmers meet and talk. They exchange ideas on every subject from politics to corn pickers.

The most important reason I

like living on a farm is that it is living close to nature. Let me explain just why I think summer, fall, winter, and spring are especially beautiful on a farm.

In summer, the sun rises early. Most of the days dawn bright and clear. There is much work to be done on the farm, and the long day is filled with activity. After three o'clock, the sun's rays are less hot, and the long summer evening begins. The farmer finishes his chores of milking the cows, feeding the chickens, gathering the eggs, and feeding the pigs.

After supper is over is the time to get comfortable in the old porch swing and watch night come on. The sun slowly sinks below the wood, and the sky fades from pink to deep purple. In the stillness of the evening one can hear the crickets and the faint distant tinkle of a cow bell. Thus twilight fades into night as a street light fades when the dawn comes.

Fall is especially beautiful on a farm. The days grow chilly, and harvest time has come. There is a certain feeling of security that comes only to a farmer in the fall of the year when all the crops have been harvested. I like to take a walk in the fall, down to the pasture.

From the highest hill I can look out over the river bottom. The corn is brown and stands lifeless. Rows of yellow-green willows border the North Fork River as it winds through the bottom land. Opposite the hill on which I am standing are hills covered with trees of various shades—red, yellow, and russet. This scene always reminds me of a mammoth bouquet squeezed tightly together in a huge earth vase.

It isn't long before the days become cold, and winter has arrived. Winter is revealed in all its beauty on a farm. There are the sparkling frosts, the snow drifts, the song of a lonely bird, and the blue nights filled with cold moons and stars.

I remember when a little child, I

would slip from my bed in the morning and tiptoe across the cold floor to the window. I was always surprised and delighted when I saw the yard carpeted with snow and the familiar orchard trees draped in white. To a farm boy or girl, snow means one thing. That is taking the sleds to the tallest hill in the pasture and spending all Saturday morning there.

When spring comes, who can be blind to its beauty on a farm? The world comes alive again after the long winter's rest. In the springtime I like to steal away in a balmy afternoon and visit my favorite haunt.

It is located about one-half mile from our home on a wooded hillside. Here is perfect quiet solitude that Andrew Marvell praises in his poem, *The Garden*. There are wild plum, peach, and cherry trees that mark the remains of an old orchard planted by some earlier settler who had built his log cabin upon this hill.

It is here I like to sit on the new grass, listen to the hum of the busy bees, and smell the fragrance of the wild plum blossoms. A poet has described a day in June like this, and I am sure that he must have lived in the country:

"What is so rare, as a day in June

Then, if ever, come perfect days;

"When Heaven tries earth if it be in tune

And over it softly her warm ear lays.

Whether we look or whether we listen,

We can hear life murmur or see it glisten."

Far from the towering city skyscrapers and the honking and hurrying of busy streets and people is a quiet countryside where "Time's winged chariot" does not follow so closely upon one's heels. There are the simple honest people. There, is beauty found, and it is there I wish to live.

The Difference Between Poetical and Practical People

by Wilma Briggs

(Honorable Mention)

THIS HUMAN race is made up of an assortment of strange people. Some are black, and some are white; some are tall, and some are short. But beyond these physical differences, there are two classes that define people of every race and description. People are either poetical or practical. To be sure, there are some who are perfect mixtures, but these people are rare.

The poetical person and practical person are alike in several ways. They both breathe, eat, sleep, talk, walk, see, hear, and drink water. But here their likeness ends. The poetical person is far in the minority. The reason for this may be that they seldom are practical enough to see the necessity of living. Many poetical people almost owe their very existence to a practical wife or husband who manages their pecuniary affairs.

The poetical person is sensitive. Sensitive to what? He is sensitive to everything about him. He feels the suffering of humanity caused by evil, war, and poverty, and something inside him suffers in sympathy.

The poetical man sees the beauty of the world in nature and in man. Perhaps this is partly due to an inherited poetical nature and partly because he has trained himself to look for beauty.

The poetical person, because he does not bother his mind too much about practical things, has time to be imaginative, creative, and dream as much as it pleases him. Many people of poetical nature have become novelists, essayists, artists, musicians, and poets while others have never expressed themselves or became famous.

The practical person on the other hand, is almost diametrically opposed to the definition of a poetical person. He is not especially sensitive to beauty; he is sensitive to suffering

only as it affects him or his acquaintances; he is likely to justify war on the grounds that it is better to fight to live than not to live, and he is imaginative in a strictly practical vein.

I imagine the extremely practical person in Heaven would act a great deal like Milton's portrait of Mammon. Rather than singing praises to God with the Angel choir, he would be down on his hands and knees examining the gold bricks of the pavement.

The practical man is greatly absorbed in the business of making a living in the easiest and safest way and in making the world better for his children. Skyscrapers, highlines, power plants, and bridges are all examples of the fruits of the practical.

Now that we have a poetical and practical person defined, how does one recognize these people? Well, to be sure, there is no certain climate or continent to which we may go to find strictly "poetics" or "practicals" because both are well mixed in every corner of the earth.

There is no certain class or rank of people to which we may go and expect all people to be of one kind. For an example, I have met a "poetic", an old man named Mr. Cardeezzer, who made his living by selling the papers he would find in the dumping grounds. I know of another poetical

person, Mr. Frost, who lives on a very substantial income received from writings and lectures.

The best way to tell a poetical person from a practical person is to put them in an identical situation—anything from moonlit nights to reading poetry—and observe their reactions. For example, one might take a recent situation when a dense fog blanketed this whole locality. Perhaps you may have heard remarks from both a poetical and practical person on Eastern's campus. The practical one might have said something like this:

"Look at that heavy fog, would you. It certainly would be a dangerous time to be on the highway."

The poetical person, however, might have said something like this:

"Isn't the fog beautiful! It's just as though we were floating in a cloud and the real world is miles and miles below."

If we then agree that the world is made up of poetical or practical people (or some combination of the two), we must also agree that both kinds of people contribute their share to society. If one is the cloud, the other is the rain. If one is the kernel, the other is the stalk. If one is the architect, the other is the builder.

It is well that if one sees the beauty of fields of golden wheat dancing in soft waves under azure skies, the other sees the tons of flour the wheat will produce. Thus it is, that the poetical and practical persons are widely different, and yet both are needed to make the world complete.

Remembering

by Beverly Hershberger

(Honorable Mention)

THERE IS a certain undefinable fascination about the past. The past may mean five years ago or it may mean one hundred years ago. No matter what length of time it covers, there is a certain glowing aura that surrounds it. We can recall some aspects of the past with remarkable clarity while for others we must depend upon our memory or imagination.

We tend to forget anything painful or uncomfortable, but we remember those things which are pleasant or beautiful. This principle is one reason why recalling the past is such a pleasant experience. Whether it is our own personal past or whether it is a past which we are too young to

remember, it is a source of endless enjoyment.

One of the most enjoyable experiences of my childhood was exploring the attic of our house. It seems re-

markable now that I remember that activity so much more vividly than others. Certainly, at the time I never thought I was building for a memory of something which I now feel I should never forget.

I think one reason why I remember going up to the attic with so much nostalgia, is that I didn't go up into that region of the house very often because I instinctively knew that if I went

up too often, it would lose its novelty.

It was at those times when I saved to do those times when I became particularly bored. Every child, I'm sure, experiences those days when he wanders around listlessly looking for something to do.

It was at those times then, when I had exhausted my resources of entertainment that I would creep up the curved attic stairs and climb the ladder to the loft where I would find a land of endless wonders.

In that attic, I found things as wonderful as the Arabian nights. In a way it was better than a book because through my own imagination I could call up any experience I wished for.

There was an old trunk which had once belonged to my aunt that was full of old clothes from the era of the twenties. In it were short boyish dresses with waistlines extended to the hips and evening gowns with exaggerated, uneven hemlines.

At the bottom of the trunk, I found small silver and turquoise jewel boxes filled with long rope pearls and jet black beads. And hidden discreetly in a satin case was a long gold cigarette holder and case.

A mandolin, paper back novels, dance and theater programs echoed the gaiety of the person who owned them.

I would sit with the things from the trunk scattered on the floor around

me and I'd hear the faint melody of "Smoke Gets in Your Eye" and I'd see a gay, sophisticated young girl riding with a crowd in an open car. Or I'd see the young woman on the floor bobbing and jumping to the Charleston or the Black Bottom.

Soon the flashing pictures in my mind would fade away and I would put the things carefully back into the trunk. Then I would turn around for the next thing that would catch my eye.

Over in the dim corner on a table was an old dusty photograph album. In it I found a photograph as fascinating as the portrait of the Mona Lisa. It was a faded and fragile picture of an extremely handsome young man with sideburns and long hair.

In my childish mind, he was a romantic and sensitive young poet who had been disappointed in his love for a beautiful young woman with long golden hair.

I would sit by the hour and draw up endless episodes about their life and love. I'd see them in a beautiful formal garden with endless rows of flowers and shrubbery or I'd see him sitting under a tree writing his verses about his lost love.

After I had dreamed and mused awhile in the corner, the pictures would gradually fade away again and I'd turn around again and let my eyes travel around the room.

Presently my eyes would light on the old tin arm cast that hung rakishly on a peg on the wall. I would walk up to it rather reverently, take it down, and fit it on my arm, remembering the pain and the excitement of feeling different from everyone else when I had worn it years before.

Farther along on the wall there hung a rusty rifle and vicious looking revolver. Under the guns was a large tin box and on it were a German insignia and inscription. The box held a uniform which had belonged to my father in the first World War.

In the box were the dented steel helmet, the overseas cap with the campaign ribbons and the hat with the peak and small brim. The uniform with the funny leg wrappings was worn and old.

There were folders with the German insignia picturing old castles, museums, and government buildings. A History of the Forty-fourth Division with pictures and accounts of the Meuse Argonne campaign, the Marne and other foreign and yet familiar names, and the long lists of the dead and honored completed the history that the contents of the box told.

In every part of the attic and in each old trunk, I found a new and different story to satisfy any want of my imagination. I found romance, tragedy and new personalities. To a child that old attic was what a vacation is to an adult—an escape from the monotony of routine life.

Men

by Audree McMillan

(Honorable Mention)

LIKE Men!

I like tall men and short men, young men and old men, rich men and poor men, happy men and sad men, ambitious men and lazy men, strong men and weak men, and single men and married men. In fact, at the risk of sounding ridiculous, I like men.

There is a song from the score of "Kiss Me Kate" which is titled, "I Hate Men." Oh, how that makes me shudder. With so many, many delightful men in this world, how could one dislike them so much less hate, even one of this number?

The heart of the young lady who sings this song must be a jumble of ugly, twisting, writhing feelings against the only other sex. How difficult it must be for her, upon meeting a charming man, to mumble, "I hate men. You are a man. Therefore, I hate you!" Her false reasoning must seem unreasonable even to her in her innermost heart.

Men do not have an easy life. More men babies than women babies are born each year, you know. Yet before life ends for all the babies who were born in the year 1890, for example, we would find more widows gossiping over bridge than we would find widowers lounging on the courthouse steps.

When a man baby is between one and two years old, Father drags him down to the nearest tonsorial parlor, shoves him into a chair and commands, "Off with it!" Then off it comes, not the head, but curl after curl. In forty

years our little man will sit in that same chair wishing he could paste those curls back onto his shining head skin.

Boyhood is a stage everyone but mother wishes could be covered in one year. When little girls skin a knee, Daddy cuddles and kisses them. When little boys have a great fall, Father frowns at tears and says, "Now act like a man."

Poor little tyke, he's not a man; he's only six years old. However, if our six-year old has just been soundly pounded by the neighborhood bully or if his best pal Spot has been killed by a speeding car he must stifle those tears and "act like a man." Don't be surprised if he has ulcers in the next thirty years.

The teen years are difficult also.

Sonny spends hours in front of the bathroom mirror fighting a major battle against a couple of whiskers that never would have sprouted if they had known the uproar they would cause.

Sonny also races around town in an ancient Model A all his own. Older drivers complain bitterly of his reckless driving as their heavy foot presses the accelerator to the floor and their whiskey breath clouds the windshield.

During their twenties and thirties men are kept busy rearing a family and making a satisfactory income. Men make good fathers, which, I

think, is a good thing, don't you? No matter how tiring their day may have been, they are willing to listen to the accomplishments of their children's day, and to carry each child piggy-back to bed.

Now they view the thinning or greying hair with almost a smile at themselves and with scarcely a second thought, for now they are entering that wonderful "mellowing age."

These men have a fine sense of humor. Their manner of living is relaxed, yet rich and full for they have accomplished many of their goals in life and have forgotten the unrealized ones. Their grown children are a credit, and their grandchildren the cutest

little devils ever. They are satisfied with the woman they still feel they were fortunate to have married and they treat all women in a charming manner that is delightful to see.

Yes, I like men. I like all types and ages. I believe, furthermore, that a human man shows the highest degree of intelligence when he chooses to be a wife—a woman; for woman, though created second, is the supreme work of God. No improvement could be made.

If you think that I am saying this because I am a woman—you are right. However, because I am a woman I like men.

Book Review

The Parasites

by Daphne du Maurier

reviewed by Audree McMillan

(First Prize)

THE PARASITES is a slick, sophisticated novel about the three Delaneys, two sisters and a brother all of uncertain relationships, who "created a strange sort of hostility wherever we went."

Celia, the kindest of the three, has a talent for drawing. Maria, vivacious and lovely, is an actress and between her and Niall, popular song writer, exists a strange relationship.

The novel begins with Maria's husband Charles' sudden burst of temper in which he exclaims, "Parasites, that's what you are. The three of you." From this point on the story is told by a series of flashbacks. It is to the author's credit that the plot never gets confusing nor do the characters become muddled as often happens when this device is used.

The plot of 'The Parasites' is similar to that of 'Time Out of Mind,' by Rachel Field. Miss Field's novel is more down to earth with its close tie to nature and the passing seasons. Miss du Maurier gives little description in her novel, however, and her characters are the product of a modern city existence.

In both novels there is a close relationship between brother and sister that cannot be broken even by an extended separation. In each novel the third person is a foil to the two more uninhibited, selfish personalities.

The lives of actors, artists and musicians are always fascinating to the

reader. Maria compels interest as an actress who lives each new role both on the stage and off, and who finally fails to manage the combination of a career and marriage.

Miss du Maurier draws each character without obvious effort, but each emerges as a distinct personality. The reader is never in doubt about the thoughts or motives of the characters. First person is employed in telling the story although which of the Delaneys tells the story is never disclosed.

The author can be earthy without being at all vulgar. At unexpected moments humor is inserted, not the mild chuckling type, but "side-splitting" laughter.

Unfortunately this novel fell down during the last chapter. The book jacket mentioned a startling climax. If this climax was meant to be Maria's husband's announcement that he wanted a divorce, then the climax fell very flat. The reader feels that this

About the author

AUDREE McMILLAN, junior English major from Danville, has combined the English and journalism fields by being a member of English club and Sigma Tau Delta, national English honor society, and by editing the Eastern State News and being president of Pi Delta Epsilon, national journalism fraternity. Next year she will serve as social chairman of Student Association.

announcement is inevitable.

After this climax, each character must pick himself up and cease being a parasite. Celia turns down an offer to publish her stories and drawing to help Maria's oldest child. Maria, for the first time in her life, is hurt by her own selfishness. Niall is left on the sinking boat at the book's end.

The Parasites is not a vital or intense novel, but may be read simply for escape and entertainment value. The charming Delaneys should not have been forced to meet the anticlimactic ends designed for them by the author.

With the exception of the deflated ending, **The Parasites** is an often gay, often penetrating account of the lives of three people who were distinct personalities and yet whose lives were inextricably bound together.

Knock on Any Door

by Willard Motley

reviewed by Donn Kelsey

(Honorable Mention)

VE FAST, die young, and make a good-looking corpse!"

In and around these words, Willard Motley, author of **Knock on any Door**, has woven a story of almost frightening beauty. Not, by any means, is the book itself a tale of beauty. Rather, it is one of ugliness and evil and the degeneration of a human soul amid the sordid atmosphere of Chicago's Skid Row.

It is not a book to be read for pleasure or self-gratification; its overtones

are grey and melancholy. It is one

that will shock and incite reflection

and pity. It is a book for the mentally

and not for those persons who

wish a nice story about nice people.

At twelve, Nick Romano was

the son of a moderately prosperous

Italian immigrant family who

was preparing to enter the

Church. At twenty-one, he sat in

the death chair, counting the

hours until his debt to Society

was paid.

Knock on any Door is the story of

years between, the years that cor-

rupted Nick and drove him into the

streets to seek what love and friend-

ship life was ever to offer him.

The plot of this book is not an out-

standing one; in fact, it is almost

illegible. Any claim which the work

has to greatness must rest in the un-

checked development of its charac-

ter, the forces which shape Nick's

destiny.

Each of them moves in an orbit of his own, each important and real alone, more so in the formation of the whole. There is Emma, the girl Nick married and drove to a suicide's death; Grant, who befriended Nick and could have saved him; Aunt Rose, who understood Nick and was afraid; Morton, who battled Nick's conscience—and lost; Juan, Sunshine, Vito, who faced imprisonment rather than see Nick committed to the electric chair; Riley, the culmination of Nick's twisted life; and Nick himself, altar-boy at twelve, killer at twenty-one.

All these forces Mr. Motley creates with compassion and sympathy, yet neither condones nor condemns them. He steps back and lets the reader watch them destroy themselves as he probes deep for the factors that

motivate them.

Another factor contributing much to the book's almost physical power is its matchless style. By employing the use of frequent, short, choppy phrases, breaking innumerable rules of grammar in the process, the author produces a sequence of concise, brutal pictures all woven deftly together to produce a polished screen of uniformity. These pictures Motley paints are not necessarily pretty ones, but their attraction and force are incontestable.

There are those persons who will say of **Knock on any Door** that its author has aimed at sensationalism, and their accusation is not without some justification. But the author has taken a life he knows intimately and laid it openly before the reader. If he is overly harsh, it is Society he condemns, and his picturization of life as he has seen it is completely relevant and necessary.

Knock on any Door is a book that draws one back again and again, each time finding something new, and while it may not be liked, it must certainly be appreciated.

Dedication

(Continued from page 1)

culture and teaching.

Although a man with reserve which

in his closest friends respect, he is

man of limited but abiding friend-

ship. His oldest friendship was with

Waterbury, New York newspaper

man, who was his friend at Yale

fraternity brother in Alpha Sigma

Widger has been my loyal

friend for twenty-seven years and

one of my most faithful corre-

spondents all through the war.

He is a good man. I have never

known him to hurt anyone. A

man abstemious in his own hab-

its, he is tolerant of the vices of

others. He has a lively sense of

humor. He loves his friends and

is charitable to his enemies, if he

is any.

He is always on the side of the underdog and people in trouble—a man of great mercy and great compassion. His pleasures are simple. He loves the conversation of friends and the companionship of good books. He is a man of wide reading and sensitive, intelligent appreciation of his reading.

He is an independent spirit. He is no man's man. He is his own man. Christopher Morley once quoted a poem in honor of his professor of English at Haverford College, Professor Francis Barton Gummere. I think this poem characterizes the life of Dr. Widger. It is **The Character of a Happy Life**, by Sir Henry Wotton.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!
Who envies none that chance doth
raise,

Nor vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by
praise;

Nor rules of state, but rules of
good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed;
Whose conscience is his strong
retreat

Whose state can neither flatterers
feed,

Nor ruin make oppressors great;
Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to
lend;

And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend;
This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton

So we say **au revoir** to an exceptional man, but not goodbye.

Poetry

The Moth

by Harryetta Peterka

(First Prize)

Fragile is soul-felt beauty
 With the caught breathlessness of a moth.
 Soundlessly it brushes across
 The scarlet vein of life in a dying leaf,
 Lightly it strokes draped lengths
 Of deep curved shadow.
 To the wonder of souls
 Hidden in human forms.
 It hovers over the curve of a grass blade
 Bent by weight of a rain drop,
 Swift to find the grace of sympathy
 And the fragility of the sun-blown weed.
 So it lives in all the aloneness of innocence,
 Knowing not of the majesty of the seas
 Or of the sculpture of the mountain,
 For it is of the delicacy destroyed by greatness
 And its life, too short for exploration,
 Knows only the thrill of discovery.

About the author

HARRYETTA PETERKA'S work is making its second appearance in the literary supplement. A sophomore English major from Charleston, Miss Peterka is equally at home on Eastern's stage. She played the role of Elizabeth Barrett in the winter quarter play "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and more recently appeared in one of the spring plays in "Foursome."

The Creation

by Wilma Briggs

(Honorable Mention)

The heavenly bodies reeled and fell in place
 Where in the beginning God had foreordained,
 And shimm'ring light did fill the depths of space
 And scattered darkness till there none remained.
 Then God reached forth his hand to give new birth
 Unto a star and formed it by His might
 Of water and dry land. He called it Earth.
 He then divided Time 'to day and night
 And set the sun and moon to give their light,
 While o'er the lonely face of earth, He sent
 All forms of lovely life to please His sight.
 And when 'twas finished, Earth to Man was lent.
 God saw the Fall and Cross from where He stood,
 Yet bowed His head and whispered, "It is good."

A Letter to Jerry

by Joe Campbell

(Honorable Mention)

world composed of selfishness and hate
 and torn with war has been your playing pen;
 when you were eight we saw the neighbor boys
 off to fight and kill and die instead
 hanging round the town when school was done,
 then the war was over—men came home
 take the place of boys who'd gone away.
 few short years we heard the words of peace—
 peace to last and mark when we first learned
 the ways of peaceful ends to nation's quarrels.
 men's ideals are oftentimes idle dreams
 soon we saw return of blood and death.
 when you had only sixteen years of life
 heard fresh shots from guns we thought would sleep
 greedy ears forgot the bitter-sweetness
 heard in whistling bullets, roaring planes,
 clanking tanks. So now you're old enough
 at the food that's fed to student killers,
 dress in clothes that mark you one of those,
 learn to sell your line of goods: that's death!
 re living in a world that must be sick—
 not be sick when men believe that land
 power over plots of it are worth your blood.
 why you're where you are like Bill and Jim;
 why the boys like you with hearts and loves
 bones and blood and lungs and skin and souls
 forced to leave their Chinese homes to learn
 hateful ways of killing other youths.
 think they matter little, Jerry boy;
 mber God's hand shaped their bodies too.
 probably think he was a friendly guy
 y you had met across a glass
 er or maybe shared a room at school.
 re in a school of salesmanship right now;
 r product has a large demand while your
 ply is nearly limitless as long
 be and bullets last. You'll be the type
 salesman to whom doors are usually closed,

But since it is your duty, do it well:
 So blast their doors and beckon to each soul
 With finger pressing M1 trigger's warmth.
 They'll take your package full of death and pain
 If you will use persuasive selling power,
 Convincing them your brand is mild and that
 If they'll just try your test of thirty days,
 They'd never switch to other brands of death.
 And be enthusiastic, Jerry boy:
 Hand out free samples everywhere you can;
 But realize the while, you sell because
 You must—you will not hate the men you kill.
 If you must hate, despise the men who send
 Your victims into battle, cowards knowing
 The young must fight their wars and die for greed;
 And if you've pity, though it cannot heal
 A wound or stop the blood, restore a life,
 Don't feel you waste it on your fallen foe—
 You owe him more than you would care to pay;
 For what if he were victor over you?
 But he has died so you can taste the joys
 And happiness that he had hoped to own.
 There's one less soul on earth for each of these
 Bare boys you're forced to kill and send to Hell
 (Or Heaven, as the case may be). Perhaps
 The one you pick to murder first will have
 A brother such as I who's told him not
 To hate the man he kills as I have you:
 Nor blame the look he casts your way if you're
 The lucky one who shoots and fails to miss—
 For you'd hate him if you had been shot down.
 I'm sure you'll be a super salesman there—
 Korea—where the stakes are high and you'll
 Be asked to guarantee delivery,
 But satisfy yourself with army pay
 And don't accept commissions others have
 To be their last: a flying piece of lead.
 Although it has no ribbon decoration,
 It sometimes is renewed for actions brave.

The Awakening

by Beverly Hershberger

(Honorable Mention)

When the snow descends and spreads a velvet cover
And the breathless air voices the strains of an unsung symphony
Then let not your love contemplate.
For you know without saying,
Love is no mountain, enduring forever.
But it is like the snow; it must live in its own atmosphere or it dies.
And thus if you ponder on your love,
You take it from its sanctuary.
Let it seek its own end, in its own way.
Love, they say, is a sweet wild dream,
A rushing through mountain meadows.
A dream until the crash and the tumble to the edge of the cliff.
Then there is no clutch strong enough to bring it back.
So with the awakening take your last look
At the love, crushed as a cherished petal, between the pages of a book.

Useless Struggle

by Harryetta Peterka

(Honorable Mention)

Every hour that holds the warmth of the earth
And the ecstatic sharpness of the stars
Holds the clean, sightless wind called Time
That gathers in one harvest the petals of the rose
and the dreams of youth,
Scattering both far out of reach.
As desperately and with as much pain
As the rose clings to its petals,
Youth embraces its beliefs and ideals.
Neither can see beyond the first wounds of the wind's plunder
Into the future's blossoms and ideals
Which will become as important to them as the last.
Both must learn to surrender themselves
And their lives to the inevitable blast,
And to lean into the wind rather than against it,
For although both the rose and youth possess the gift of life,
Neither has any protection from Time
Whose strength is in its persistence.